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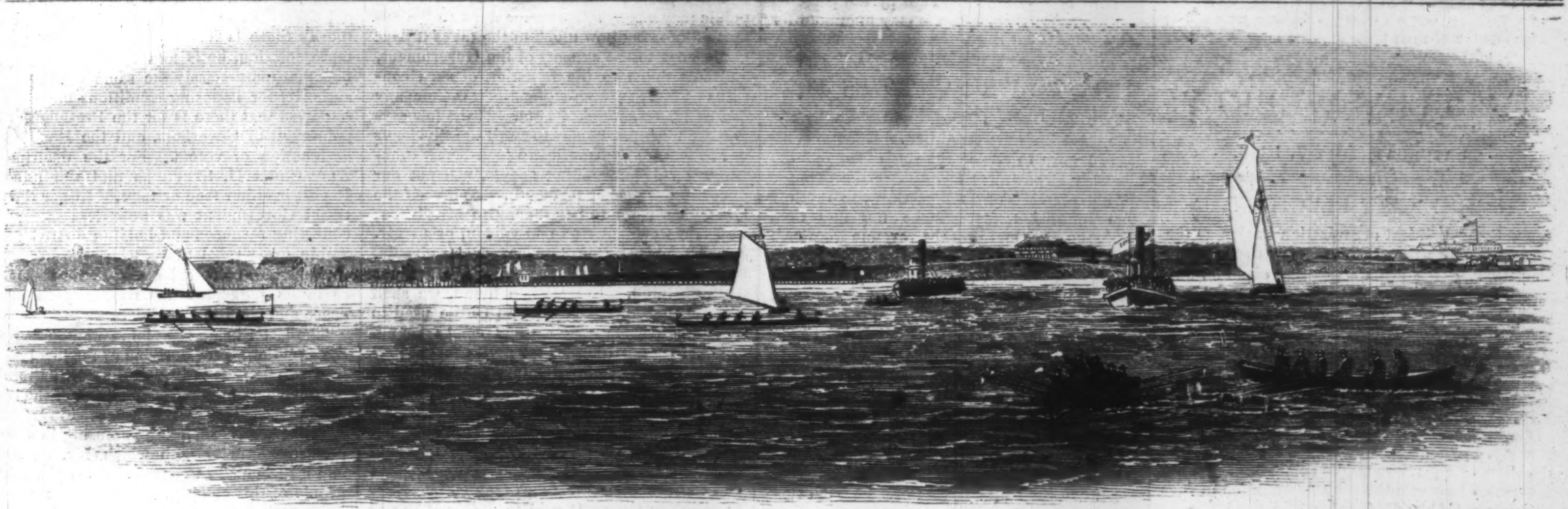


THE BALTIMORE REGATTA.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY STANTON & BUTLER, BALTIMORE.]

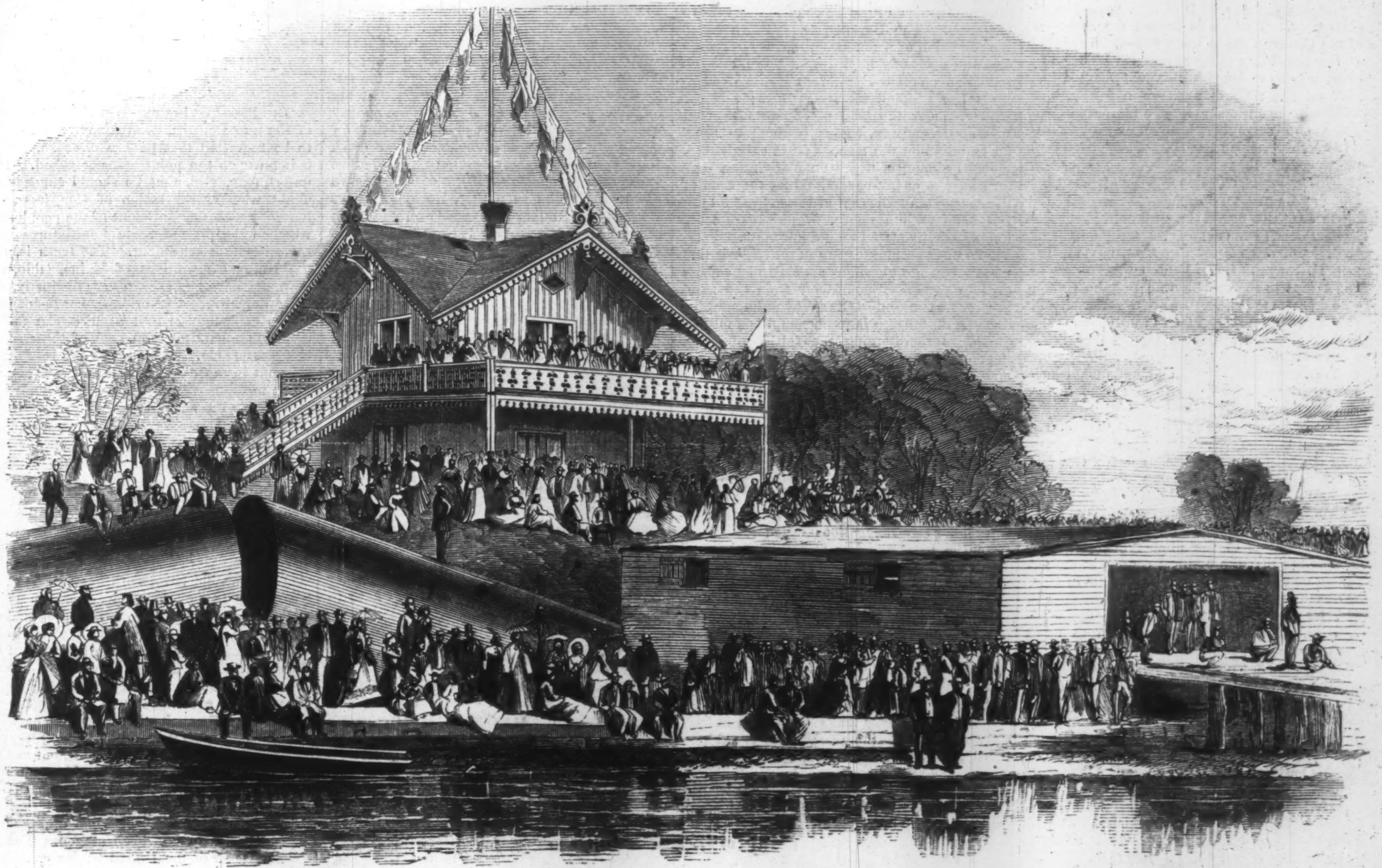
THE BALTIMORE REGATTA.

THE illustrations which we give on this page represent the June Regatta of the Baltimore Barge Clubs—Undine, Ariel, and Zephyr, which came off June 12 at Terry Bar, near the city.

Long before the hour appointed the road leading to this branch of the Patapsco was uncomfortably crowded with every description of vehicle and dust-covered pedestrians; and by five o'clock there was no point commanding a view of the race course unoccupied. The long bridge and sloping banks of Cherry Shore to the right, and the wide pier to the left of the boating grounds, afforded a fine view of the entire race, and were packed with people, while within the inclosure—reserved exclusively for the friends of the clubs—and around the boat-house and cottage, the scene was a most brilliant and animated one. The ladies gayly decked in the colors of their favorites, the members of the clubs in full uniform, the cottage covered with streamers, the soul-stirring strains of a full brass band, and the wide expanse of water, dotted with tugs, steamers, yachts, and barges—all went to make up a picture seldom surpassed in beauty and artistic effect. And the bright eyes and fair faces of those grouped along the verge of the terrace or on the verandas of the cottage, overlooking the river, grew brighter and more animated every minute.

Just before the boats of the four-oared race came up to the starting stake the six-oared shell of the Ariel club capsized, about 300 feet from shore, causing considerable excitement and some delay; but the crew bravely swam ashore with their boat, and were soon ready for the second contest. In the mean time the umpire's pistol was heard, and away from the Judges' stake (to the left of the boat-yard) shot the *Io* (Ariel club), *Zephyr* (Zephyr club), and *Ripple* (Undine club). The first and last named were old boats and rather wide, particularly the latter, which was in reality a six-oared barge—larger, wider, and heavier than either of the others, and with proportionably less chance in the contest. When about one quarter of the first mile the *Ripple* spurted ahead and steadily increased the distance to the turning stake and home, making the two miles in seventeen minutes seventeen seconds, and leading the *Zephyr* fifty-three seconds, and the *Io* a little more.

The booming of cannon, screaming of steam-whistles, and shouts of the lookers-on announced



THE BALTIMORE REGATTA—CLUB-COTTAGE AND BOAT-HOUSE.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY STANTON & BUTLER.]

the result, and the crew of the *Ripple* pulled in to receive the congratulations of their friends.

The shell *Ariel*, notwithstanding her mishap, was at the stake in time and ready to strive with the six-oared, outrigged barge *Undine* for the champion colors. It was evident, however, that the upset had shaken the men's confidence in their craft and somewhat unnerved them, while the crew of the *Undine*, encouraged by the success of their four-oared barge and eager for the fray, were in far better condition and spirits. It is hardly, then, to be wondered at that the latter led, almost from the start, and was fast leaving the shell when that unfortunate boat again went over and was towed to shore. The *Undine* continued her course and made the winning stake in 15 minutes exactly.

During this six-oared race, prior to the upset, the excitement on shore was intense, particularly among the ladies; and from the various vessels lying along the course cheer after cheer greeted the race boats as they passed. The presentation of flags to the winning crews closed the regatta; and before the "shades of evening" had fairly fallen upon shore and river, "all was again quiet along the Patapsco."

Thus ended the first regular regatta of the Patapsco navy, and we trust each season may add to the number of their boats and the interest of their contests.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, July 7, 1866.

THE NEXT ELECTIONS.

As the political organization known as the Democratic party, which was so signally rebuked at the last Presidential election, and which, with the exception of Delaware, does not control a single one of the States which were loyal during the war, is preparing for another effort to recover power, it is well that Governor Morton, of Indiana, in a late powerful speech, has recalled its history in that State. It will be well also for every man to consider what its history has been in his own State, in order that he may truly estimate its claims as a party to public confidence, and determine how safe the country would be in such hands. Of the Democrats who were faithful to the Union and Government we do not speak. Their names are well known if they are conspicuous men; and if not, they are honorably remembered by their neighbors.

But the position of the Democratic party as a party during the war was one of the severest censure of the policy of the Government, and of constant extenuation of the rebellion. Formally and technically it usually declared for the Union, while all the measures taken for its preservation were decried, and the Administration was held responsible for the war. This was natural; for the leaders of the rebellion at the South were, without exception, also leaders of the Democratic party. On the other hand, those at the North who could not conceal their joy at the disaster of Bull Run were Democrats only. Those who denied the authority of the Government to wage war—who sneered at the possibility of its success—who tried in every way to embarrass it—who fomented and excused the riots of 1863—who finally, in a national convention, adopted a platform of disgrace and surrender, framed by Vallandigham, and appealed to the loyal American people to confess themselves conquered—all these were Democrats, and this was the action of the Democratic party.

As Vallandigham, the most notorious rebel sympathizer in the country, was the author of the Democratic platform of 1864, so Alexander H. Stephens, the lieutenant of Jefferson Davis in the rebellion against the Union, who declares that his views are unchanged, and that he is still a secessionist in principle, is the author of the Democratic platform of 1866, upon which the party newspapers and senators and representatives now stand, and upon which the country will be asked to join them in the next elections.

But as the questions now before the country are most momentous, as they are indeed virtually comprised in one—whether the Government shall remain in the hands that have saved it, and whose fidelity has been tried by fire, or be confided to those who have sought its overthrow or sympathized with the effort to destroy it—it is of the utmost importance to remember that the political contest of the autumn will be one of principles and not of men. Thus the personal character of Mr. Alexander H. Stephens has not been impeached, nor his ability. But his popular election to office would be an approval of the most perilous political doctrines, and justly appall every sincere friend of the Union. What is true of Mr. Stephens in Georgia is true in any State of any candidate of the party which adopts his views. Such a candidate may be personally an honorable and able man, but no man is so strong as his party, and no party despotism is so strict and unscrupulous as that of the Democratic party. It is not the lantern in front, however bright its light may be and burnished its metal, but the huge driving-wheel behind, which is the important part of the locomotive.

We must look through the candidates, therefore, to those who nominate them. It is not likely that in Ohio Vallandigham will be offered to the voters, nor Horatio Seymour in New York. Time and defeat have shown the necessity of cunning. The same spirit and principles which these leaders represent, the bitter hostility to the enlargement of liberty and equal rights, and the Tory reaction which calls itself Conservatism, will strive to conceal themselves in less offensive forms, and appeal for support in smoother phrases. The Democratic party in this country is the party of ignorance, of prejudice, of class privilege, of social disorder. It is the party of opposition to the fundamental American principle of equal liberty and law. For more than a generation it controlled the Government; and when the people, alarmed by its steady invasion and destruction of that principle, cast it out of power, it raised its hand to destroy the Government and ruin the country. It was a crime, says Governor Morton, "for which history has no pardon, and the memories of men no forgetfulness."

Let such a party be judged by its history and by its necessary tendency, not by the personal merit of individuals whom it may nominate for office.

WHAT DO WE PAY TAXES FOR?

The fiscal year 1865–66 will close by the time these lines are published. Enough is already known to enable the statisticians of the Treasury Department to estimate the revenue for the year. They report that the revenue from internal taxes will be not less than $305,000,000, and that the revenue from customs (which is payable in gold) will not be less than $155,000,000, equal to $205,000,000 in currency—estimating the gold at 132 per cent. In all they tell us that the public revenue will not be less than $510,000,000—a larger income than is enjoyed by any other government on the face of the earth.

This is not a subject for unmixed satisfaction. It is grand to think that our Government is the richest in the world. But, after all, these riches are drawn from the labor and profits of the citizens of the United States, and the proposition may just as well be put in another shape—namely, that the citizens of the United States are the most heavily taxed people on the face of the earth. If the population of the country may be safely estimated at 32,000,000, we are paying this year at the rate of $15 $\frac{60}{100}$ per head, which is double the average rate of taxes paid in Europe. It is not quite so grand to realize that we pay man, woman, and child, white and colored, twice as much money to support our free republican government as is paid by the "downtrodden masses of Europe" (we are anticipating the orators of next week) to maintain their "worn-out, bloated despotisms." Our whistle is a good one, and sounds clear and shrill; but we are paying for it, seemingly.

These reflections are timely, in view of the final adjustment of the Tax and Tariff bills in Congress. The Revenue Commission urged the remission of a number of not very productive and decidedly inquisitorial taxes, and the reduction of others. Neither House of Congress has adopted its suggestions; and the Senate, under the lead of Senators Fessenden and Sherman, seems inclined to insist on maintaining the present scale of taxation. Sound economists urged upon Congress, both for the sake of tax-payers and for the sake of the revenue, a reduction of the exorbitant duties upon foreign goods. They seem more likely to be increased than diminished.

The most curious feature in the affair is that these important questions appear to be considered by Congress exclusively from the point of view of class-interest. When the internal revenue on tobacco is in question, committees are heard representing the tobacco-growers, the cigar-makers, and the tobacco vendors; no one represents the smokers. When the tax and duty on iron are on trial gentlemen appear who represent the mining interest, others who represent the importing interest, others who represent the rolling interest; nobody at all seems to represent consumers of iron. When the tax or duty on wool comes up delegations appear before the Committee to argue the question from the point of view of wool-growers, other delegations which look at it from the point of view of manufacturers of woolen cloths, and yet other delegations which represent importers of foreign wool and woolens; nobody seeks an audience on behalf of the great community which wears woolen clothes. Every body, it seems, has his say before the Committee and before Congress except the public. The public has no delegates and no friends. When the newspapers tell us that a hard fight is being waged in committee on the wool duty, we know that the question at issue is whether we—the poor, helpless public—shall be mulcted by the wool-growers, or by the woolen manufacturers, or by the importers. It is not a question whether or no we shall be mulcted. That is a foregone conclusion, and we are used to it. So we care very little which of the rival claimants for the plunder, of which we are sure to be bereft, wins the day.

It is a nice question how long this sort of thing will last, and how it will end. We remember, about five years ago, when the tariff was being altered, that a question arose about the duty on wood-screws. The duty under the existing tariff was nearly prohibitory; it was proposed to make it wholly so. The proposition was maintained by Senator Simmons, of Rhode Island, on behalf of the American Wood-Screw Company of Providence, Rhode Island. There was nobody to answer him. The consumers of wood-screws hadn't a friend in Washington. A feeble protest was registered by a New York daily journal, but it had no effect. Senator Simmons carried his point, the duty on wood-screws was made prohibitory, and the American Wood-Screw Company of Providence, Rhode Island, is understood to have since declared dividends equal to one hundred per cent. per annum. This is only one instance among many.

The people of the United States love their Government, intend to maintain their national credit, and are able to pay taxes which would crush less prosperous nations to the earth. But the poor, purblind, stupid old tax-paying public may nevertheless be indulged to the extent of knowing how much of the taxes it pays really goes to the support of the Government, and how much to the fattening of such concerns as Mr. Simmons's Wood-Screw Company of Providence, Rhode Island. If the law says that we must pay money to swell the dividends of Mr. Simmons's American Wood-Screw Company, we, as law-abiding people, will put our hands in our pocket forthwith. And so if the law says we are to pay money to Mr. Smith, who is a wool-grower in Michigan, or to Mr. Jones, who is an iron-founder in Pennsylvania, we shall be ready with the greenbacks on the day appointed. But "when found, we shall make a note on't," as Captain Cuttle used to say. And when election-day comes round, the chances are fair that we shall draw the attention of the regular nominee to the subject, somewhat in these terms:

"Mr. Brown or Williams (as the case may be), I calculate to vote for you as the regular nominee of the party. I expect you to support the Government of the United States, and to vote whatever taxes may be necessary to maintain its credit, and to enable it to pay its way squarely as one of the leading nations of the world. If, in order to do this, it be necessary to pay $15 $\frac{60}{100}$ per head, as we have paid in 1865–66, vote bravely, and we'll foot the bill. But before you vote any of my money to fill the pockets of such concerns as Simmons's Wood-Screw Company of Providence, Rhode Island, I want to know it. I who speak am a producer too. If any producers are to be fattened out of the public pouch, I claim my share and expect you to secure it. If Simmons's Company is to get money out of the public for making wood-screws, I claim an equal amount for raising onions. Mine are beautiful of their kind. If neighbor Brown gets money for wool-growing, I claim an equal sum for growing potatoes. If Jones is rewarded for manufacturing cotton or woolen cloths, I demand just as much for my field of squashes, which are a credit to American agriculture. If Smith draws money from the nation for manufacturing iron, I insist that my brother, the cobbler (who needs the money badly), receive a corresponding amount for manufacturing shoes. We don't know much about political economy down our way; but we know enough to say that if, out of the purse we make up for him each year, Uncle Sam pays any body a premium for carrying on an honest business, he ought to pay it to every one who carries on an honest business, and if you are not prepared, Mr. Brown or Williams (as the case may be), to claim my share of the fund for my onions, potatoes, and squashes, and my brother's highlows, I guess, as soon as the reconstruction question is settled properly, I shall vote the other ticket."

Masses move slowly, and it is hard to say how much time may elapse before people generally take this view of the matter. The existing régime may go on until the contraction of the currency brings "hard times" to every door. As matters stand now, by dint of issuing money by the million a week, Government keeps up a fictitious prosperity which enables people to pay the exorbitant taxes, and nobody complains. But slowly as grind the mills of the gods they grind exceeding fine, and the day will come that the men who vote to tax the people exorbitantly for the benefit of this or that manufacturing establishment will have to look to it for their reward.

THE MINORITY REPORT.

The Report of the minority of the Reconstruction Committee of Congress is a feeble amplification of Alexander H. Stephens's opinion that, "as soon as the seceding States respectively made known their readiness to resume their former political relations with the Federal Government under the Constitution," they were to be admitted into Congress without deliberation or conditions. The minority Report asserts that certain citizens in certain States rebelled, that their rebellion has been suppressed, that the States as such were not involved, and at the moment of defeat regained every right they ever had. The Report not only denies the authority of Congress to provide for the common safety by any conditions whatever, but it demolishes the validity of the President's action. "The power to establish or modify a State Government," says the Report, "belongs exclusively to the people of the State." And unable to avoid the necessary condemnation of the President implied in the proposition, the Report meets the dilemma by saying in effect; granting that the President has usurped powers, the States concerned have acquiesced in the usurpation, and that is enough!

The one good effect of this wearisome Report, as of the testimony of Stephens and Lee and the Copperhead speeches in Congress and elsewhere, is to show to the people that the President and Congress, however they differ in measures, really act upon the same principle in the matter of reconstruction, and that the principle is, regard for the public safety. They differ as to what the public safety requires, but they both act from the necessity of the case. Thus when Mr. Raymond again falls into the old fallacy of asking what constitutional authority there is for imposing conditions upon representation, he is met by the simple truth that there is precisely the same constitutional authority for imposing conditions upon representation that there is for the Presidential appointment of Governors, and the Presidential designation of voters. For the doctrine of Alexander H. Stephens and the minority Report is either true or false. Either the National Government was powerless except for collecting revenues and holding district courts within every rebel State, when the insurgents surrendered, or it had exactly as much power as in its judgment was necessary to secure peace and confirm the Union.

The latter being the plain common-sense of the situation, is the doctrine of the loyal American people. It is in vain to split hairs upon the question of the exact condition of the insurgent States. It remains a pernicious abstraction. There is something amusing in the preposterous gravity with which Mr. Stephens and his friends in Congress inform the faithful people of this country, who freed the slaves in order to undermine the rebellion, that the rebel States, having concluded to surrender, will now by "continuous right" return to a larger share in the Government than they had before. Does Mr. Reverdy Johnson seriously suppose that the people who had faith enough and sense enough to suppress such a rebellion really mean that those who rebelled shall have gained political power at the expense of those who remained faithful and were victorious?

It is this issue of common-sense and not one of Constitutional hair-splitting which will go to the country in the coming elections. Nor is it a question whether loyal Representatives from any State shall be admitted, but whether any State lately in rebellion shall be represented until it has given reasonable and honorable guarantees of fidelity to the Union.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE AMENDMENT.

The President has expressed his disapproval of the new Constitutional Amendment. It is to be regretted that he has done so, for his opinion upon the point was not asked. It is unfortunate, also, that he should suggest the doubt whether the action of Congress is in harmony with the sentiment of the people, and whether the present State Legislatures truly represent that sentiment. The truth is, that the Union Conventions of Maine, Ohio, and Vermont have just spoken very distinctly, and Governor Morton, of Indiana, has opened the Union campaign in that State. The feeling of the dominant party in each of these States is unmistakable. Their words and resolutions ring out in the true patriotic tone. They approve most heartily the proposed Amendment, and sustain the general policy of Congress.

Besides, the words of the Constitution are very plain. "The Congress, whenever two-thirds of both Houses shall deem it necessary, shall propose amendments to this Constitution, or on the application of the Legislatures of two-thirds of the several States shall call a Convention for proposing amendments, which in either case shall be valid to all intents and purposes as part of this Constitution, when ratified by the Legislatures of three-fourths of the several States, or by Conventions in three-fourths thereof, as the one or the other mode of ratification may be proposed by the Congress." Here is nothing requiring the approval of the President nor the election of new Legislatures. The only case in our history of the Presidential signature to a constitutional amendment was that of the Emancipation Amendment which President Lincoln returned, saying that he thought he had no right to sign it, but as Congress had submitted it he would not refuse. But the Senate voted that it had been sent through inadvertence, and directed that the House should not be notified that the signature of the President had been affixed. The Supreme Court of the United States considered the point too clear for argument, and the Senate in 1863, by a vote of 23 to 7, resolved that an amendment should not be presented for the Presidential signature. The proposition of amendment is something with which the Executive power has no concern whatever.

Familiar with this uniform practice as he must be, it is curious that the President should apparently think it an irregularity in Congress not to have submitted the Amendment to him. Nor can we see that there is any purpose whatever in the Message, except to reiterate the President's conviction that until Senators and Representatives have been admitted from the unrepresented States no Amendment ought to be proposed by Congress. That is his well-known opinion, in which he differs from the great body of loyal Union men in the country. But having amply stated it upon many occasions we had hoped that he would abide, without further-debate, by the reference of the difference between himself and Congress to "the sovereign people of the nation."

As it is desirable that all possible delays should be avoided, and as there is no doubt whatever that the Legislatures of the States faithfully represent the sentiment of the people, we hope that at the earliest moment they will be convened to pass upon the Amendment. And if Tennessee shall be the first to approve it, we shall hail it as a happy omen of the national sanction.

THE EXCISE LAW.

The object of laws is public order, not private morality. Sumptuary laws, or those which undertake directly to regulate individual dress and food and drink, are properly considered unjust invasions of personal right, and may be opposed upon the soundest principles. It is, therefore, a very adroit political trick to represent a distasteful law as sumptuary. The intention is to create a prejudice founded upon a proper feeling. The trick is of the same kind as that which sought to defeat anti-slavery laws as irreligious, upon the ground that the Divine law sanctioned slavery.

It is a favorite resource of the opponents of all regulation of the liquor traffic to oppose it on the sumptuary ground. To regulate rum-selling, we are informed, is a Puritan device. It is a measure of sniveling, hypocritical, strait-laced fanaticism, which pretends to be very pious and better than its neighbors; of canters who raise their eyes to heaven and thank God they are not as the publicans, while they stick their noses into other people's business, and try to establish brotherly love by statute. An effort to promote public order by regulating this traffic, we are told, is a remnant of the remorseless and stern old policy which was announced in a godly nasal twang by crop-haired Pilgrim conventicles. And so the impressive and conclusive argument proceeds. Every man, it is claimed, has a natural and inalienable right of getting drunk. If he breaks the law, in consequence, he may be held to the penalty. But it is idle, cry the finely-indignant politicians, to think you can make men better by law. It is a stupid and natural folly of the party which assumes to monopolize all the virtues and talents.

This tom-tom is lustily beaten, and not without effect. Why, cries an orator, in a noble burst of skepticism and horror, why should that man yonder try to bite off his own nose? Nature repels the foul endeavor. That nose may be pug or aquiline; it may be a chiseled Grecian member or a purple bottle; but why—will an intelligent, sovereign people please tell me?—why should he struggle to nibble it away? The intelligent people is lost in contemptuous pity for the Quixotic fool, and wonders that people should try to do what in the nature of things can not be done. But when some spectator happens to turn to see the frantic effort of which he has been so thrillingly told, he discovers that, instead of trying to bite off his nose, the denounced individual is merely tranquilly combing his hair.

It is in this way that the recent Excise Law is denounced for doing what it does not even pretend to do. It is providing for public order, and it is denounced as a missionary enterprise. Society is of opinion that gunpowder is so dangerous a commodity that its storage and sale must be regulated by law. It is idle to say that any man has the right to make gunpowder and sell it, and that society has nothing to do with it. Society has the right of defending its order and safety, and must judge when they are threatened. It therefore justly claims to regulate the sale of intoxicating liquors in the interest of public order. It does so not to fill the churches, but to relieve the prisons, for whose support it is taxed. It does not say that men shall not get drunk; but it does say that the traffic in a dangerous commodity shall be regulated. It does not legislate against liquor-selling as a crime, but against dram-shops as a nuisance. Under the new Excise Law more than five thousand shops have been licensed for the sale of liquor in New York and Brooklyn. Does this look like an attempt to make men virtuous by statute? Under the late law—for the principle of the present act is not new—the majority of the men whose business leads straight to the heaviest taxation of the community evaded the law requiring them to pay for a license. Under the new law they have paid more than a million of dollars toward the police expenses.

The Excise Law, without abolishing the traffic, regulates it more stringently, and produces a handsome revenue. To decry it as a Puritan blue law is merely to appeal to an ignorant prejudice. It is not in barbarous and demoralized communities, but in those which are intelligent and enlightened and progressive, that laws are passed regulating and even prohibiting the carrying of deadly weapons and the storage and sale of gunpowder. It would be hard to show that a glass of bad rum is not a weapon as dangerous to society as a revolver in the pocket or a keg of powder in a store. If society, under certain conditions, may protect itself against these, it may defend itself in the same way against rum.

A CONGRESSIONAL DANGER.

Now that the French occupation of Mexico is about ending quietly, we sincerely hope that the House Committee on Foreign Affairs does not intend to strike a fine rhetorical attitude in a report upon the Monroe doctrine. But a late remark of Mr. Banks, the Chairman of the Committee, is very suspicious. He says that a bill for the expulsion of the French troops from Mexico would have his support, and he vaguely foretold a Report which would treat the question in a very lofty vein.

We trust, however, that the majority of Congress will remember that neither the Ercles nor Bobadil vein is becoming or necessary to this Government upon the Mexican or any other question. Mr. Seward has neither threatened nor cajoled in his correspondence upon Mexican affairs, but from the first he has given France to understand plainly that the people of the United States looked very jealously upon all European military movements upon this continent, and could recognize no change of government in Mexico which was not the plain and uncoerced expression of the popular will. If, however, as is alleged, he permitted the French to make purchases here and prohibited the Mexicans, he did very wrong, and misrepresented the will which he had so well stated. But this is a matter which is not verified, and is intrinsically utterly improbable.

The prolonged and bitter native opposition to the new Imperial régime, the total failure of the rebellion in this country, under cover of which Louis Napoleon undertook the Mexican expedition, the French dislike of the expedition, and the imminent European war, combine with the firm and constant tone of this Government to take Louis Napoleon out of Mexico. Is not that enough? Is it necessary to go into heroics over the Monroe doctrine? Congress has not honored itself or the country by its conduct upon the Irish raid into Canada. Is it desirable that a country which has shown its immense and exhaustless power in subduing the great rebellion, should double up both fists as it feels itself victorious, and needlessly justify the fears of the world by assuming the manners of a bully? Before we were tried the sneer of the scoffer was that one sharp strain would show the essential weakness of our system. The scoffer is discomfited upon that point. Now, he says, you will see the old story of a victorious Republic, it will make itself a nuisance to its neighbors. Shall we prove him a true prophet? Are we indeed unable to be as dignified in prosperity as in reverses? Shall the marvelous spectacle of the swift melting of enormous armies into peaceful citizens be tarnished by the swaggering rhetoric of our legislation?

A great nation can dispense with rhodomontade. The speech of Mr. Banks some time ago upon our part in the French exhibition was what sagacious school-boys call "squirt." It certainly made no man prouder of his country, and it made other people laugh at us. The Gascons were brave, but their gasconade is remembered more than their heroism. Let us be satisfied to rival their deeds, not their words. There is no living man who believes that the French intend to remain in Mexico, or that we should tolerate the establishment of a monarchy by foreign force upon our borders in despite of our neighbors. If they themselves invite it it is another matter. What then are we to gain by a resounding Report from the committee on Foreign Affairs? Our dignity and power can not be increased by quitting our present attitude of resolute expectation; and our good name and self-respect must suffer by grandiloquence. We are now so strong and vigilant, and the world is so well apprised of our vigilance and strength, that we can spare our superlatives.

HOW SHALL WE EXERCISE?

It is claimed by some at the present time that gymnastic exercise, so called, is altogether the best mode, because it brings into action all the muscles of the body; and the invention of teachers is taxed to the utmost to bring into use the greatest possible variety of attitudes and motions. Too much is made of this point. The truth is, that, for the purposes of health, any exercise that puts into action the body generally, as walking, running, active sports, etc., will answer equally well. Ordinary experience testifies this. Besides, if gymnastic exercises are exclusively relied upon, as they are in some cases, when the occasion for pursuing them has gone by there is apt to be a general neglect of exercise. The young lady who has been faithfully drilled in calisthenics at school, on going home will not follow them up alone, nor get up little companies for the purpose, even if some of her companions at school live in her neighborhood. A gymnastic teacher once set the faculty of a college and many of their acquaintances all agog about a system of exercises; but after he left, as we predicted, the exercises were given up, and the appliances which they had procured—the poles, clubs, etc.—became a part of the lumber of garrets, and there they have remained ever since.

In making exercise a part of education (and such it should be) no narrow and exclusive views of it will answer. Broad views must be taken, and gymnastic exercises must constitute a *subordinate* part of the physical training. This is quite contrary to the view ordinarily taken by those who at the present day make much of this training in education. The grand principle on this subject is this: *exercise must be so managed that a taste for it will be engendered*, so that it will be continued of choice when school-days are past. For this purpose there should be variety, and in this variety common exercises and sports should be prominent, especially that most common of all exercises, walking. One great excellence of this is that it can be made to connect physical with intellectual education. The walks of pupils can be scientific walks. This, however, can not be effected until a radical change be made in the general plan of education. As it is now, pupils are shut up mostly to language and mathematics, while the broad field of nature is ignored in the school-room. Accordingly a walk out into this field is the dull walk of ignorance. There is no exhilaration in it. It is a task—lightened, it is true, somewhat by conversation, and by an occasional scene of beauty, but on the whole dull and monotonous; and the same walks day after day become tiresome. But all nature, interpreted by science, is a vast museum, and one who has learned these interpretations need never have a dull walk. Material for most interesting observation can be found every where. To one who has learned to use his eyes, as Hugh Miller says, "the commonest things are worth looking at—even stones and weeds, and the most familiar animals."

The very prevalent idea that all education is to be obtained sitting on a bench is a preposterous idea. The observation and study of nature should form a prominent part of education, and much of this can be done afoot, in field and forest, and by the way: thus abrogating the unnatural divorce of physical from mental training.

That exercise may produce its best effect upon the system it should have some degree of exhilaration connected with it. For this reason common sports are more invigorating than mere labor. And it is to be regretted that in this country these sports are very much confined to the young, being considered inconsistent with the gravity and dignity of even the middle-aged of either sex. In England, on the contrary, they are followed up to old age. We meet every now and then with references to this in notices and memoirs of prominent men. Recently, in a memoir of Sir Astley Cooper, one of the most distinguished of English surgeons, we found a reference to his being one of a club to which some other medical men belonged, called the Athletæ, and though one of the busiest of men, as the amount of labor which he performed as a practitioner and an author shows, he found time to meet with the club and engage in feats of activity, such as leaping, fencing, boxing, etc., maintaining thus his vigor even to the last of his life, which was a long one. Among females in England archery is a common sport, and we recollect reading an account of some trial of skill in this sport at which some very old lady took the palm.

We rejoice in the general use by both sexes of all ages of skating, so fashionable of late years in this country. A great change this, for in the days of our youth the putting on of skates would have fastened the obnoxious term romp or girl-boy upon any school-girl. The change should go farther, and take in sports and exercises that cover all seasons of the year. Without specifying all of the exercises proper for girls, we would say that for various reasons they should learn to swim as well as to skate.

Riding horseback is a capital exercise, and chiefly because it is so exhilarating. It is especially so to one who in his boyhood was accustomed to this use of one of the noblest of animals.

But, after all, the chief mode of exercise, the staple exercise as we may call it, for the great mass of those who are getting an education, is walking. This costs nothing, can be had at any time, alone or with others, and can be made, as we have said, the medium of connection between physical and intellectual education.

LITERARY.

"A Narrative of Andersonville" by Ambrose Spencer, of Americus, Georgia, is just published by the Harpers. The title of the book shows that it is drawn from the evidence upon the trial of Henry Wirz, but that evidence is confirmed by the personal experience of the author, who, during the war, lived within nine miles of the prison pen at Andersonville. The story is as sad as any that History records; but it is one that ought not to be forgotten, and which can never be so truly told as now. "It may be asked by the susceptible reader," says the author, "if the foregoing delineations have been given merely to excite superfluous horror? if this condensed statement of what has been verified under oath is not intended to keep alive the bitterness which occasioned the miseries described? The answer is, are the outrages committed upon defenseless prisoners of war, and the sufferings endured by the obscure soldiers of the Union, to be passed over as mere incidents of the rebellion? Are the nauseating details of their captivity, misery, and death beneath the dignity of narration?"

Mr. Spencer—whose sturdy fidelity to the Union was conspicuous through the war, who maintained in the very heart of the rebellion the inflexible loyalty to which the South must owe its future guidance, and who was a sympathizing witness of the sorrows which he records, as well as a close observer of the spirit of the population—writes with intense and sober feeling. But he does not stray from the proved facts. He makes no effort to cast individual obloquy beyond the terrible record. It is a chapter of history which should be of the truest service as illustrating the spirit of the rebellion, and showing the necessity of a real and not a delusive knowledge of the condition and sentiment of the South—a necessity as vital for the late insurgent section as it is for us.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

June 19:

In the Senate, a bill to grant lands in aid of the construction of a railroad from Salt Lake City to the Columbia River, in Oregon, was taken up and passed.—The Army Appropriation Bill was next considered, and after being amended was passed. Among the amendments is one appropriating over six and a half millions of dollars for the support of the Freedmen's Bureau; also, repealing the act authorizing the President to dismiss officers of the army and navy; also an amendment to the mode of selection of the Superintendent of the Military Academy from any corps of the army.—The Pacific Railroad bill was passed; yeas 20, nays 12.

In the House, the vote by which the bill to establish a Department of Education was rejected on the 8th instant was reconsidered, and the bill was passed; yeas 80, nays 44.—A minority report from the Reconstruction Committee was presented.

June 20:

In the Senate, the recommendation of the Finance Committee to fix the tax on cotton at two cents a pound was agreed to.

In the House, the bill to increase the pensions of widows and orphans was passed. The first section extends the provisions of the pension laws to provost marshals, deputy provost marshals, and enrolling officers, who have been killed or wounded in the discharge of their duties. The second section increases the pensions to widows of deceased soldiers and sailors, having children, at the rate of two dollars per month for each child under the age of sixteen.

June 21:

In the Senate, a joint resolution was passed giving fifteen hundred dollars to Mrs. Abbie Green for her services in assisting one hundred and nine Union prisoners to escape from Libby prison.

In the House, a resolution was adopted to consider the expediency of a revision of the existing law in reference to mileage, so as to make the payment of mileage more equal and more in accordance with the actual cost of travel to and from the national capital at the present time.—The Army bill was passed, 72 to 41.

June 22:

In the Senate, that section of the Tax bill granting to Railroad Companies the right to add to their fares on account of the tax, was restored.

In the House, a message was received from the President in reference to the joint resolution proposing an amendment to the Constitution, stating that it had been communicated by the Secretary of State to the Governors of various States on the 16th of June, but that was a ministerial act, and not to be considered as involving the assent of the Executive to the proposed amendment. The Indian Appropriation Bill was taken up and passed.

June 23:

In the Senate, a joint resolution authorizing the hiring of buildings for the temporary accommodation of the Department of State, was passed; also, a joint resolution to provide for the publication of an official history of the rebellion.

June 25:

The Tax bill was next taken up. Mr. Henderson offered an amendment striking out the tax on cotton, which was rejected, yeas 10, nays 24. An amendment to add flax to the free list was adopted. The bill was read a third time, and passed.

NEWS ITEMS.

Dr. Harris's tables show that during the week ending on June 23 there were 434 deaths in this city, and 94 in Brooklyn.

The Boston *Journal* says that the statue of Hon. Edward Everett has been completed in clay by Mr. Story, and that it will be ready for dedication in May.

Governor Brownlow, of Tennessee, has issued a proclamation, calling the Legislature of the State to meet at Nashville the 4th of July, for the purpose of ratifying the amendment to the Constitution of the United States just proposed by Congress.

We have intelligence, by late arrivals from Europe, of the death of the late Professor Henry D. Rogers, formerly State Geologist, which took place at his residence, near Glasgow, on the 29th of May.

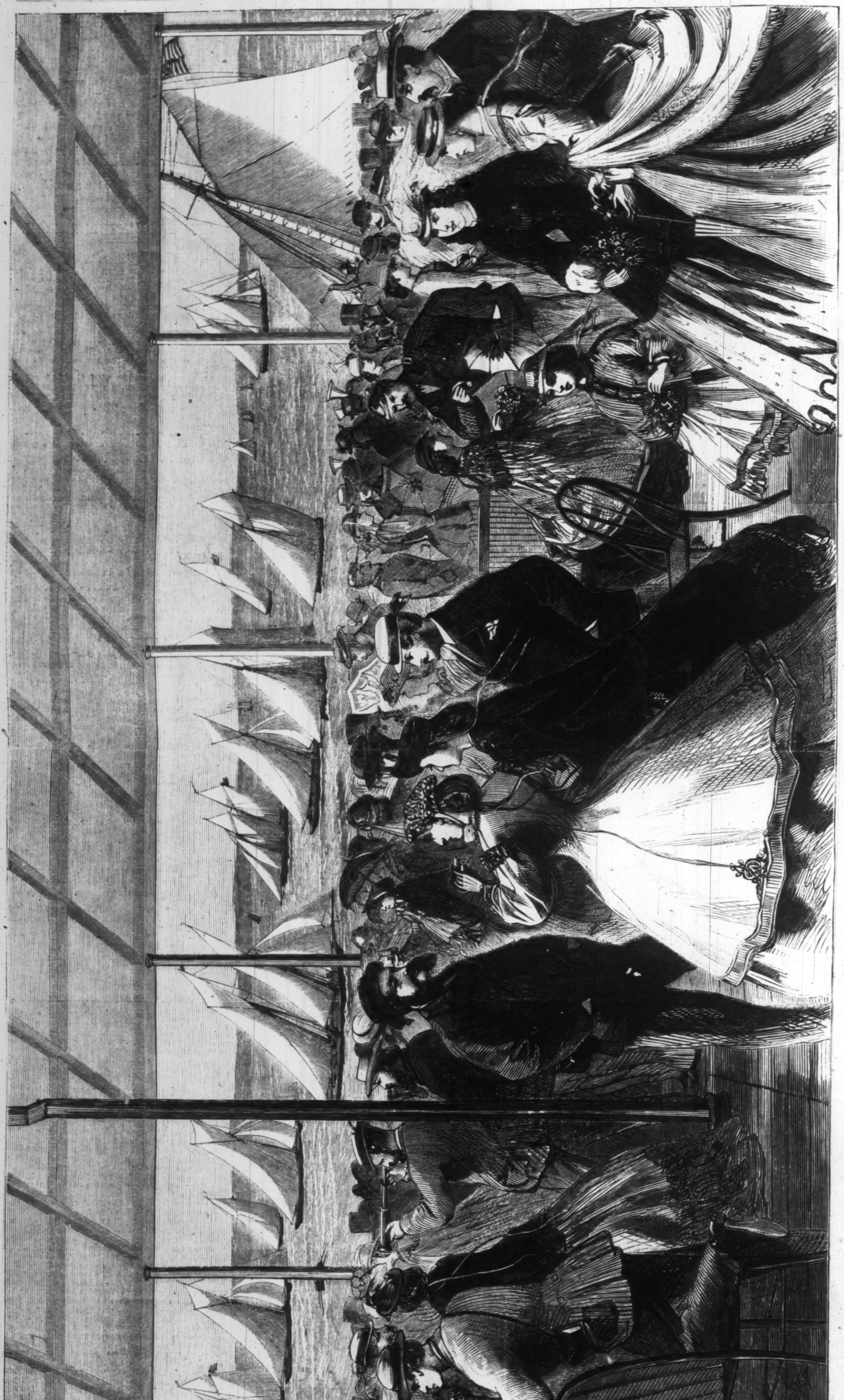
The Memphis *Avalanche* says affairs have reached such a pitch in that region that unless something is done the people of the country will be afraid to come to the city for fear of being murdered. The *Avalanche* says murder most foul is stalking over the country, hand in hand with robbery, arson, and every other crime in the calendar.

FOREIGN NEWS.

According to our latest foreign advices, hostilities had not formally commenced, but had been brought one step nearer by the severance of diplomatic relations between Austria and Prussia, and by the landing of Garibaldi in Italy. The Austrians had completely evacuated Holstein, leaving that Duchy to be occupied by Prussian troops.

In regard to Garibaldi's campaign the London *Times* says its plan is twofold—a mountain warfare in Southern Tyrol, and a maritime expedition up the Adriatic. There are some who suppose that a landing is contemplated on the coast of Istria or Dalmatia, or even lower down in Montenegro, or in the Turkish Provinces. What sympathy or support the Italians might meet with among those half-civilized and hardly-known tribes we deem it idle to inquire. At all events it is difficult to conceive how any movement in those parts, unless it led to a general insurrection, could be made subservient to the success of the main undertaking in the Venetian main land. It would seem far more probable that a *coup de main* is intended on some point or points of the coast between Trieste and Venice. Along all that Venetian shore, up the mouths of the many streams that flow down upon it from the Alps, the Piave, the Tagliamento, the Isonzo, etc., ample field is open for the daring feats of irregular warfare. By landing now at one spot, now at another, and cutting up the roads and railroad that run along the shore, all intercourse between Venice and Trieste, and consequently Vienna, might be interrupted, and by reaching the mountains from which spring the Piave and others of those rivers, the maritime volunteers could easily place themselves in concert with those of the Cacciatori dello Stelvio and Cacciatori del Tonale who might succeed in forcing their way from the Trentine valleys into those of Bassano and Belluno. In the present frame of mind of the Venetian population, especially in the Friuli, they would be sure of as warm and cordial a welcome as they met with on the same battle-fields in the short and unfortunate, but not inglorious, campaign of 1848.

The Princess Mary was married in London, on the 11th of June, to Francis Lewis Paul Alexander Prince von Teck, of Hungary, lately an officer in the Austrian service.



SECOND ANNUAL REVIEW OF THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB, JUNE 19, 1866.

THE YACHT REVIEW.

THE annual review of the New York Yacht Club, which we illustrate on this page, took place June 19. It was understood that this exhibition of the sailing qualities of the yachts and the exchange of courtesies accompanying it should take place in the Lower Bay, and a number of the yachts, among them the *Henrietta*, *Maria*, and *Haze*, went down on Monday, lying overnight at anchorage in the Horse-shoe. On Tuesday morning the yacht *Magic* hove in sight, and presently the steamboat *River Queen* bore down with the melancholy tidings that the review was to be held in the Inner Bay, as it was concluded by the ladies, or for the ladies, that the weather was too rough outside.

This alteration of the programme was, for the ladies at least, a wise one, as it certainly was quite too turbulent outside for the enjoyment of any thing less matured than a salt of several years' standing. The threatening character of the early morning had evidently deterred many ladies from being present, as there were but few in the yachts or on board the steamers compared with other years, but those few appeared to highly enjoy the entertainment provided for them. Inshore, on the Staten Island side, were the steamers *C. W. Thomas*, *Belle*, and the *River Queen*; also the steamboats *Octavia* and *Wave*, with a like precious freight; and the yachts *Rambler*, *Phantom*, *Fleetwing*, *Widgeon*, *Magic*, *Halcyon*, *Fanny*, *Ida*, *Zuleika*, *Zip*, *Lily*, *Ella*, and many others not carrying signal-flags or other distinguishing mark of any kind.

Several hours were passed in the most agreeable manner by the yachtmen conveying their lady guests from yacht to yacht. Music, of course, was provided on many of the yachts, the *Henrietta* being especially blessed in this particular. Guns were fired in a highly boisterous manner on a great many occasions, and colors were dipped and changed in a most mysterious fashion to one whose signal-reading is limited to MARRYAT. Then there was a luxurious repast worthy of DELMONICO. The courtesies of the day lasted several hours, the affair concluding with some manœuvring by the yachts.

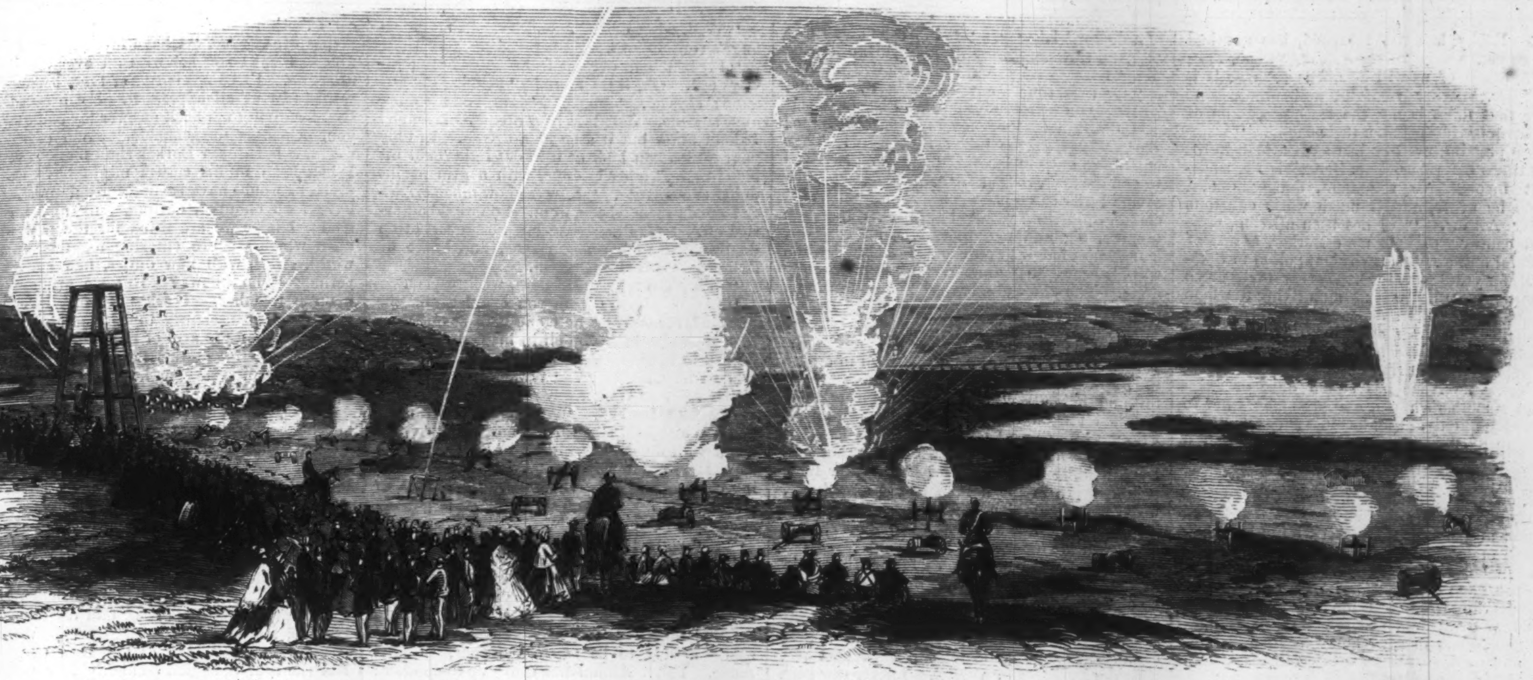
This review, or rather inspection, is the second that has taken place under the auspices of the Club, and had there been a more full attendance of yachts, and but for the delay arising from the necessary change of locality, would have been unexceptionable in all respects. The New York Club is the oldest and unquestionably the best on this side the Atlantic, and comprises some yachts that would put to the blush the best of the famous squadrons of England.

The *River Queen*, from whose deck our sketch was taken, was President LINCOLN'S favorite vessel. It belongs to ALFRED VAN SANTVOORD, of Albany.—The name of the *River Queen* has become historic by the fact that in her cabin the celebrated conference was held off Fortress Monroe between President LINCOLN and Secretary SEWARD on the part of the United States; and Messrs. STEPHENS, HUNTER, and CAMPBELL in behalf of the so-called Southern Confederacy, which ended in smoke.

NITRO-GLYCERINE *vs.* GUNPOWDER.

ON Saturday afternoon, June 16, a series of important experiments were made by Colonel SCHAFFNER, at Washington, showing the relative explosive force of nitro-glycerine and gunpowder. We give an illustration of these experiments on the next page.

There were some five hundred gentlemen present, among whom were many officers of the army and navy. Several water torpedoes were exploded, the powder scarcely making any spray, and the nitro-glycerine raised the water over one hundred feet high. Several musket barrels were charged with the two substances, and the nitro-glycerine in each case tore the iron


Land Torpedoes exploded by Electricity.
Rockets set off by Electricity.
Bursting of Gunpowder Target.
Bursting of Nitro-glycerine Target.
Submarine Torpedo.

GUNPOWDER *vs.* NITRO-GLYCERINE—EXPERIMENTS UNDER GOVERNMENT INSPECTION, NEAR THE NAVY-YARD, WASHINGTON, D. C.—[SKETCHED BY A. M'CALLUM.]

into fragments. Mines were similarly constructed in the earth, and on iron plates, and with these the superior power of the other compound was forcibly shown. A wrought iron shaft twelve inches in diameter, with an orifice one inch in diameter, was torn in pieces. A similar result took place with a cast iron shaft, and an experiment with powder similarly applied failed to injure the iron. Earth mines were tried, and the crater produced with powder did not exceed four feet in diameter, while the nitro-glycerine tore up the earth about twelve feet across the crater.

Colonel SHAFFNER illustrated how the San Francisco explosion occurred, by saturating saw-dust with the glycerine, and many very interesting experiments proved the extraordinary power of nitro-glycerine, and how easily it can be handled and employed without incurring the danger common to gunpowder. The Government aided Colonel SHAFFNER to make the experiments with the view of promoting science.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1865, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

INSIDE.

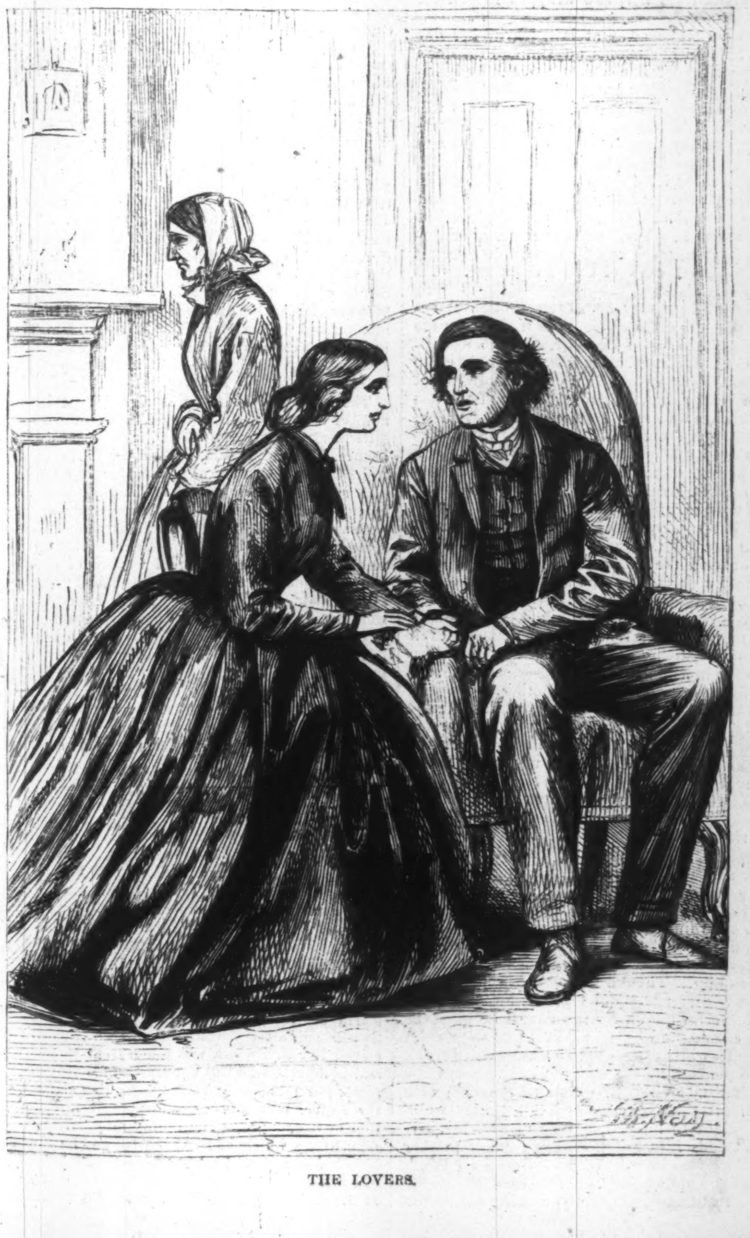
A CHRONICLE OF SECESSION.

BY GEORGE F. HARRINGTON.

IN TWENTY-FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER XXIV.—(*Continued.*)

AN hour passes away before, Robby having told the whole story so far as he knows it, any tranquillity is restored. Filled with the most painful apprehensions, Mrs. Sorel, nevertheless, endeavors to reassure herself, as well as her companions, by all manner of hopeful conjectures. Mr. Arthur may have merely alighted somewhere, leaving his horse standing, and it may have left him; or, he may have been thrown, though not seriously hurt. But she herself and Alice too, hovering about her mother's couch pale, cold, and silent, can not but recall the singular manner in which Mr. Arthur parted from them that morning. All through their deep grief they have both felt vague apprehensions, even painful anxieties, on his behalf. Not on political grounds, for, as they both well know, there are no men so safe just now as Union men, even if Mr. Arthur's course had not been so quiet and without positive offense, as, in spite of his thoroughly known loyalty to the Union, to leave him without one embittered enemy in the world.



THE LOVERS.

But Mrs. Sorel, and Alice also, can not help, even in that anxious hour, remarking the silence and, if possible, deadlier pallor into which Mrs. Bowles has fallen.

"Blind, blind, blind," she says it more to herself than to Dr. Warner, now with her, Mrs. Sorel and Alice having gone for the moment out of the room. "You know it all, Dr. Warner, perhaps have known it for months, and for me, her own mother, never to have more than feared it."

"Feared it, Madam?" says Dr. Warner, with some indignation. "As to knowing it, there are few besides yourself but knew Mr. Arthur was attached to your daughter, has been devotedly attached, I dare say for years. A good many of us have fancied it exceedingly likely his affection was reciprocated."

"He never whispered such a thing. Alice never even hinted any thing of it to me," Mrs. Bowles says, feebly, and in a bewildered manner.

"Because he knew the aversion for him you, and her brother too, might have, Madam," remarks Dr. Warner, warmly. "He did not even know how she herself might regard him, being, as he knew she knew him to be, a thorough-going Union man. He was too honorable, Madam, to endeavor to win her affections against your wishes—too proud to desire, even, to intrude where he was not heartily welcome. Had things continued as they were, in my opinion, though most devotedly attached to Alice, he never would have taken a step as long as the world lasted."

"That so many terrible blows should fall upon me at once," moans the invalid, feebly lifting her hand to her forehead.

"You are in a weak state of health, Madam," interrupts her physician, with a good deal of firmness for him, but professional and as with a patient, "and we ought not to converse at all. Only I must say this. For all we know, Mr. Arthur is, at this moment, lying dead, either thrown from his horse or by the hand of an assassin, God forbid! But, if he lives, there is no man living I would so well be pleased to see 'Ria, if she were old enough, the wife of. A gentleman of spotless character, of good talents, of sincere piety—one who has proved himself, during all these years of madness, true as steel, through great and unceasing pressure, to what he knew was right; not a partisan in it either, calm, mild—I declare, Madam," says Dr. Warner, with more spirit than he ever dared exhibit to his wife, "I am astonished at you." And he rubs his bald head with the palm of his left hand impatiently. But Mrs. Bowles only lies with her eyes closed, pallid, silent.

"There is one thing, perhaps, I ought not to mention," says Dr. Warner, after a very long pause, and much rubbing of his brow. "Under these peculiar circumstances, however, and it is of a nature which will make it sacred with you. Mr. Ferguson might not like it—might be very angry with me," continues he, with a very plain and frightened recollection of the character of that person; "but I *know* the secret is safe with you. You will pardon me, Mrs. Bowles, I speak only this once, do it to relieve your mind. You are not as rich—pardon me—Miss Alice will not inherit—oh, forgive me—" in great confusion.

"You are not intending to remind me of our poverty." Feeble as she is, not more than barely able to speak the words, the pale sufferer abashes Dr. Warner greatly by the silent dignity of her eyes fastened with surprise on his.

"You are right, pardon me. As my wife says, I always *am* doing something I ought not," remarks the culprit, feeling himself a huge culprit to the extremities of his disarranged neckerchief in every button-hole lacking its button, and with his head sunk into its shower-bath droop. "I only meant to say that Mr. Ferguson has placed a sum of money, a very large sum indeed, he has no child or relative, you observe—nothing else on earth to do with it," the Doctor adds with a deprecatory gesture, and by way of apology for Mr. Ferguson, "out at interest in Mr. Arthur's name. He intends the papers as a wedding gift to him on his marriage. Besides, he has made a will—"

"Dr. Warner!" Nothing but that, with its accompanying look, but it cuts the physician to the bone. There is long silence, during which he looks at his watch and administers a soothing powder, rubbing his head with vexation, but having nothing more to add.

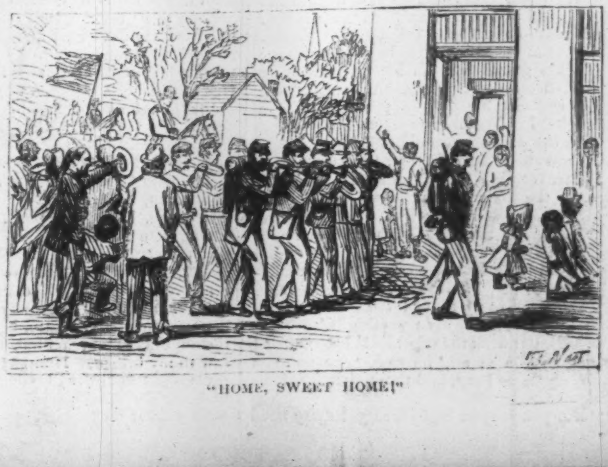
"I am bewildered, exhausted, can not sleep as you all would have me do," murmurs Mrs. Bowles at last; "but I am still in my right mind. And I never can consent that my daughter should marry, though he had every other quality under heaven, an—an Abolitionist. That Alice should have an affection for one *kills* me."

No more than that; but oh the tone in which it is said! Mrs. Bowles closes her eyes and lies as pale and cold as marble, as much beyond Dr. Warner's reach as if she were in Heaven.

He feels it, gives over rubbing his forehead, and steps quietly out of the room, as a wrecked mariner might crawl ashore out of the waves, the storm-beaten condition of the man altogether indescribable.

He finds Alice reclining on the sofa of the next room, which is the parlor, Mrs. Sorel sitting on a low stool at her head. Alice has been, is weeping, and at a glance Dr. Warner sees that these two, at least, are in fullest sympathy with each other.

Yes, he thinks Mrs. Bowles will sleep, perhaps, if left undisturbed. Nothing from Robby yet? For Robby has gone back to send the servants out in every direction to inquire—a labor of love with them—in regard to Mr. Ar-



"HOME, SWEET HOME!"

thur. Robby has not returned, has not had time as yet.

"A dozen of us will be off as soon as it is day," Dr. Warner remarks, and proceeds to prove that there is not the least possibility of any harm having befallen their friend. "Heaven has pressing need of just such a man in the new times before us, Mrs. Sorel," is the somewhat inconclusive argument, among others, which he urges, amidst much warm eulogium of Mr. Arthur. "He has been a living, powerful contrast to that man Barker, a sort of peaceful antidote to his virulent poison in Somerville for years now." Dr. Warner dwells much upon that. "There is no man living to whom I would as proudly and gladly give our 'Ria as a wife," the Doctor adds for Alice's especial benefit, drooping his head the instant after in self-reproach for having spoken the words.

Meanwhile Alice has stolen once or twice into her mother's room, and pronounces her to be resting quietly. She has just persuaded Mrs. Sorel to go to her room and lie down, when a step is heard upon the front porch and a knock follows at the door. With stealthy step, lest he should disturb the invalid, yet with beating heart, Dr. Warner hastens to the door. In deepest anxiety Alice and Mrs. Sorel hear him greeted in a voice they do not recognize. There is a low but rapid conversation upon the front porch. Then Dr. Warner introduces no less a person than Mr. Bob Withers into the room, says that gentleman will explain, and is himself gone, gone in such hurry as to forget his hat, and then, still more wonderful, his saddle-bags, after each of which he has to return.

"You will forgive my intrusion, ladies, though I believe it is not yet nine o'clock," says Mr. Withers, declining a chair. "Thank you, no, I can stay but a moment. The fact is, I called at the Doctor's house and was told he was here. By-the-by, I should have told him to return by way of his own house. I fear his lady is in strong hysterics. The instant I told her Mr. Arthur was shot—I beg pardon," adds Mr. Withers, in dismay; for Mrs. Sorel, passing one arm around Alice, herself totters as she stands, while Alice rallies all her soul to her aid, and composes herself by desperate struggle.

"By George!" The exclamation bursts entirely of itself from Mr. Withers's lips. "He isn't killed, you know, on that account. I have been shot myself twice. I dare say you have heard the circumstances, in connection, I am sorry to say, with cards. There is hardly a man in all my acquaintance—in a certain circle, of course—but has been shot at some time during his life, badly cut at least. But it *is* a wonder in this case. Peel or Wright, whichever one of the two it was, evidently aimed at a coat-button on the left side; button shattered, by George!—excuse me—to shivers, only grazed his side, you see. His horse must have started at the shot, or his coat have hung off from his body, but it was enough to knock him off. He has bled, too, badly. You observe—"

Alice can now look steadily at their visitor. She has often seen him before, knows his general character as a good-natured but dissipated man, generally esteemed, somehow, in spite of his wild courses. Mr. Withers has a frank, honest face, a little too highly colored, but he glows before Alice now, beautiful as Apollo—Bacchus rather.

"In one moment, if you please, Mr. Withers," she says, and glides quietly into her mother's room. Is detained there for several minutes. "I hoped my mother was sleeping," she says, "but I found her awake. She begs that you will please come into her room, she is anxious to hear."

Excessively awkward does Mr. Withers feel as he takes a seat in the sick chamber. He is startled at the appearance of Mrs. Bowles, whom he has not seen before for a long time. It reminds him of his mother, of promises made by him to just such a pale invalid in just such a darkened chamber; promises made with passionate weeping, but, alas! how poorly kept. Mrs. Sorel has told him in a whisper of the death of Rutledge Bowles. Very quiet is Mr. Withers in his manner, having vague ideas, in addition to all else, that those present have deeper interest in Mr. Arthur than he imagined when he first came.

"You see, ladies," he says, "I was returning about noon to-day from Colonel Juggins's—been out to buy corn for my bays—in my ambulance. About a mile this side of Mr. Wright's I saw some one lying in the road—Mr. Arthur. He was waving his hand to me to make haste as far as I could see him. 'For Heaven's sake make haste, Mr. Withers!' he said, 'haste, haste!' I supposed he was anxious to get to a doctor, and placed him, as fast as I could, in the ambulance. 'Now drive for Mr. Wright's as hard as you can,' he says, 'never mind me. I am weak from loss of blood, but I can see a physician afterward. Fast, Mr. Withers, fast, fast!' he kept saying, which was unnecessary, for my bays were young; they always go when I am behind them, very fast indeed. I don't perfectly understand the thing," remarks Mr. Withers, pausing for a while, "but I will tell it all to you as it happened. As we drove along he would not say one word how he was wounded, only this: 'The instant we get to Mr. Wright's house,' he said, 'Mr. Withers, leave the ambulance with me, run in and tell Mr. Wright as he loves his daughter to come out instantly, instantly! and see me one moment. You will find Dr. Peel there; don't mind him, any thing he says or does. You are a kind-hearted man, Mr. Withers, and a brave man, do as I tell you as you ever loved mother or sister,' he said; 'excuse my repeating it.'

"'Well, but what the mischief?' I began. 'I can not explain at all,' he says, 'can not, can not. Only do as I say, and that quick, for God's sake.'

"'But you may be in, by George! *dying* need of a doctor,' I began. 'On! on!' he only said; 'it's ten thousand times more important for me to get there in time than for me to live!'

"By that time we were at Wright's gate. There was a carriage before it. I began to suspect the thing. I dashed in and, by George! yes! There in the parlor they were! They must have gone in but that moment. Dr. Peel was on the floor, the most splendid-looking bridegroom I ever saw—broadcloth, ruffled shirt, gold chains, white satin vest, kid gloves, perfumes—in my life, big and magnificent as an emperor, handsomest fellow I ever came up with. By him was his bride, Miss Anne Wright, in a traveling dress. You know her, ladies; the least little bit of a lady, sweet and beautiful as a lily. Parson Barker had just begun when I dashed in. There was a tremendous to do, by George!" added Mr. Withers, with excitement; "it was all in a minute; I saw the couple standing there so beautiful and happy, saw Peel turn positively blue, knocked Parson Barker flat over in my hurry. I do not know how I managed it, but I had Mr. Wright out at the ambulance before he knew it. I was holding him there over Mr. Arthur lying pale as death in the bottom of the ambulance, his head on a cushion, when he seizes upon Mr. Wright's hand like a vice and waves me off, this way, with the other, serious as death.

"Wright was bewildered. Mr. Arthur drew him down and said a few quick words. Wright seemed actually frozen to the ground. I could see Mr. Arthur draw him down again and say something as rapidly and earnestly as a man could. Then he came tearing back past me, with the livid face of a devil. I never saw such a face as that before," remarked the speaker, with a shudder, "I never want to again. But Mr. Arthur beckoned me to get in. I did so. 'Now for a doctor as soon as we can. Mr. Withers, if you please,' he said; and then he added, 'I couldn't help it—he would have—God help him—what comes of it!' something like it, and fainted dead away. I put it to them bays I rather think, left him just getting out of his swoon on his bed at your house, Mrs. Sorel, came on for Dr. Warner, and that," adds Mr. Withers, passing his hand through his hair, "is all I know about it."

Without saying a word, Alice brought Mrs. Sorel her bonnet and shawl, and aided her to put them on, though with trembling hands. "I will take good care of mamma," she says, with a color in her face, a light in her eye, a tone in her voice such as sheds a new light upon Mr. Withers's mind.

First, indulging, as he eyes her, in a shrill whistle, strictly internal and inaudible, he remarks to himself: "But I don't see myself what business a preacher has with as pretty, by George! as splendid a girl as that. However, Arthur's a trump if he is a parson!" A little discontented, though.

"I am sure Mr. Withers will be kind enough to drive you home," says Alice, with beautiful eyes upon Mr. Withers.

"Oh, certainly, with pleasure. Ambulance standing over at Dr. Warner's gate," replies Mr. Withers, promptly. But he lingers, with his hand upon the back of the chair upon which he has been seated. "There is one thing—I know nothing, you observe—I hope you will pardon my attending to such a matter. The fact is," says Mr. Withers at last, as by a desperate effort, "No human being ever hears about this matter from my lips. You ladies, I am sure, will never allude to it to a soul. Mr. Arthur has fixed it so the very bride, poor, poor thing! will never know the truth if her father only manages right. Mind, ladies, Mr Arthur has never whispered a syllable to me, by George! he has acted with the coolness as well as pluck of a Trojan, hasn't he? But I am satisfied, putting every thing together, perfectly satisfied that man Peel, Dr. Peel he was called, was, by George!—excuse me, it is almost impossible to believe it—was, after all, a—" The word sticks in Mr. Withers's throat. "I know the man that whispers it will be killed by Wright, as sure as I am standing here. But I am satisfied, by George!—excuse me—I *know* it now, it is the only thing that can explain it at all. Peel was a negro, a mulatto, I feel certain of it. Or *was*, I should say. If he is a living man this moment I am mistaken. At your service now, Madam." And Mr. Withers starts for the door, stands hesitating there a moment, and returns again.

"I hope you will be certain to excuse me, ladies, for mentioning such a matter before you—by far the most horrible thing I ever knew in, by George! *my* life. No other human beings besides yourselves will ever have a whisper of it from me. Fact is," continues Mr. Withers, with a furtive glance at Alice, "I thought there were those here to whom all I did know about Mr. Arthur was solemnly due. Only, mind, I don't pretend to be certain, that about Peel not positively, you know. Feel morally satisfied myself, putting all things together, but couldn't undertake to swear it, by George! Ah, excuse me. Good-evening!"

"When he come rushin' out ob de back-door," the very black Parson Orange, a sleek, rotund, exceedingly smooth-spoken and utterly unprincipled negro man, is saying, at that very moment, to Colonel Juggins's Jem, in the latter's cabin, "I thought de man was goin' to turn white, he was so pale! Dressed up!"—and Orange can only express the degree thereof by an exclamation often used by him in public prayer, and only suitable thereto. "Oh, yes, I had your Massa's blood-mare ready: it was my dream to do it, as I told you. Jest as it was in my dream—berry mare, berry spot, berry man rushin' out widout his hat, berry lips blue as I saw in my dream, Humph! Nebber laugh at my visions again, will you?—heh, heh, heh!" nodding his wise head over the memory of it with wonder on wonder.

"Well, what den?" Jem breaks in upon Orange's ruminations.

"I'll belieb in dreams from dis day out; always did. Oh, little more! 'Is dat you, Orange?' says he. 'All right'—jumps on dat mare and is gone. Jest like in a dream. Humph! I don't know but it all *was* a dream. Ef only your Massa can look at it in dat light 'bout his blood-mare," adds Orange, with a grin at his duller confederate. "Now see how much brighter I am dan you'd been, Jem. You would a hurried off. I didn't. No, Sir. Sot down flat on de ground; took off one shoe, and broke de string." With another grin.

"What dat for?" asks Jem, with respect.

"Listen, nigger: 'fore you could count one hundred, Mr. Wright he come tearing out after him, de white heat ob hell in his eyes, revolver cocked in his hands. Come upon me, happenin' dere fixin my shoes. 'Which way?' dat was all he said. 'Which way?' Man all dressed up, Massa? I asked. 'Which way?' dat is all he said, his pistol touchin' my nose, finger on de trigger, all de debbils in hell in his face. Dat way, Massa, dat way, I says, in a hurry, pinting dimetrically de wrong road. 'Tell Jack to follow me on Roan,' he says, and *he* is gone—exactly as in de dream."

"An' you told Jack," asks Jem, eagerly.

"Yes, Sar, de farder an' de faster *he* trabbel on dat road de better. Yes; I went on de place an' told Jack. But wasn't dere a muss in de house? Jack told me 'bout it while he was saddlin' Roan. Peel was on de floor to be married—actu'ly to be *married*, nigger, to Miss Anne. Yah! Ambulance drove up to de door; man jumped out, run in, carried de father out to it like a child. De instant he do it, Peel took out de back-door, knockin' ober de niggers crowded dere to see de ceremony; didn't eben stop for his hat. Parson, he run up stairs an' shut himself up; got to prayin' up dar, Jack said."

"Miss Anne?" asks Jem, with intensest interest.

"Jack say, when her father was hurried out one door, Peel run out ob de udder, she stood frightened out ob her wits. Sudden' her father came rushin' back, wild! Then she rushes for him, all in her bonnet and trabbling clothes an' hold him in her arms. Jack say she kept hollerin', 'I knew it, pa, I knew it; he didn't hide it; he told me he was a Union man. It was my fault; he wanted me to let him off if I would. I loved him, pa; don't kill him, don't kill him!' windin' herself about her pa like a snake, shrieking an' cryin'—her pa sayin' nothin', only cursin' an' tryin' to get away. 'If you kill him kill me,' she said, Jack told me, 'I'm a Union woman; I hate de Souf; I hate de Confederacy; kill me too, me too, I love the Yankees, I hate de Secession!' Jack said it was all her pa could do to break from her, she wrapped herself all 'round him so.

"But he broke away at last, leavin' her dar on de floor in her bonnet an' things in a dead faint, poor thing! like a flower struck by lightning. Dey all lubbed her mightily, dem niggers, dey was all cryin' over her, said it would kill her dead. I 'member," added Orange, reflectively, "one day 'bout two weeks before, she was at a prayer-meeting we had over at your Massa's, Jem, you mind it? she shook hands with me in de front porch. 'I hope you'll do dem some good, Orange,' she said. Yes; an' smiled so sweet, sayin' it. Yes," adds Orange, after farther reflection, "she was for certain de sweetest an' beautifulest work of God *I* ebber see. 'Tis mighty pity!"

But time flies very fast, even though it accomplishes the greatest events as it flies. In the compass of two weeks after Mr. Arthur's wounding, the Confederacy, more like, now it has come and gone, some awful vision of inspired prophet than a reality, has, in the surrender of the last of its armies, and in the capture of its Lucifer, expired from the face of the earth, only a terrible memory henceforth and forever. It is a pleasant June evening, and Mrs. Sorel and Alice are seated in Mr. Arthur's room. He is able to sit up now in an easy-chair, pale from loss of blood, but rapidly recovering. Her great affliction has left its traces upon Mrs. Sorel, if it were only in the fuller peace which has softened into a deeper, purer quiet the lines of her mouth, the light of her eyes. And Alice, seated by her lover's side as if they had been already long married, is serene of countenance, even though its paleness is heightened by the deep mourning in which she is clothed—double mourning—for at once brother and mother.

"Yes," Mrs. Sorel is saying, while Alice is silently sewing, with downcast eyes, "there *is* indeed the hand of a Father in it. That Mr. Withers should have been able to say all that to her, and just then, how providential it was! 'I had feared, before, Mr. Arthur entertained sentiments—was one of a class whom I have been trained from infancy to regard with horror unspeakable,' she said to me when I went back to her next day. 'I have given over endeavoring to understand matters, Lizzie. I am content to leave it all in the hands of Him who doeth all things well. I withdraw now all objection in regard to Mr. Arthur. Rutledge Bowles is gone. I once regarded Mr. Arthur next to him. Though I do not, can not, in this life at least, understand matters, he must have had powerful reason for the course he pursued. You, Lizzie, and he and Alice, too, were calm and quiet while I was feverish; but we will speak no more about it,' she said, and kept repeating—you remember, Alice?—even to the end, 'He doeth all things well, doeth all things well.' You ought to love Alice very dearly, Mr. Arthur," adds Mrs. Sorel, gravely; "her mother was the truest lady I ever knew in all my life."

"God knows that I do that only too well," Mr. Arthur adds, as gravely, looking with fondest affection at Alice; "and," as she lifts her loving eyes to his, "I have loved her from th first moment I saw her with an ever-increasin affection. I will not speak of that, because n words can at all express it. My gratitude t God for giving me back at once my country and you, Alice, is unspeakable. And, of all th world, it is Brother Barker shall marry us! If I had been in his case I might have been—probably would have been—worse than he. We have both endured, darling, long and terrible trial. I hope we are fitted for the new world upon which we are entering together—a new world, Alice, with new duties, new sufferings, perhaps—who knows? But we are entering upon it together. I ask no more, love, than that!" Unconsciously to both of them, their hands lie upon the arm of the easy-chair, clasped in one. But at this moment Robby comes into the room soberly as he can, yet in greatest excitement.

"Mr. Brooks, oh, Mr. Brooks!" he exclaims, and holds up a warning hand—"Listen!"

Sure enough. The distant music of a military band. Very faint, yet they can hear it as they sit with suspended breath. Nearer now and louder. What is the air? Wait. Still nearer. And the lover takes the other hand in his, one there already. Nearer. Their eyes meet inquiringly. Still nearer the music sounds—music loud, clear, sweet exceedingly. Robby and his mother have turned, are looking the other way, attentive only in that direction, and the lips, too, of the lovers meet. For the tune is plain now. And it is not Hail Columbia. Nor the Star-Spangled Banner. Nor yet Yankee Doodle. It is—to these two of all tunes on earth!—Home, Sweet Home.

TO

The Men and the Women of the South,

OVERCOME,

but as the gallant ship is overcome, by the gales which smite it from God, only to bear it onward;

OVERCOME, NOT OF MAN,

but by the sublime Will of Heaven, too mighty for the mightiest to resist, compelling all things toward the highest welfare of the world;

TO YOU

this Book is dedicated by one, if the humblest, not the least sincere and devoted of your number.

THE IMPENDING EUROPEAN WAR.

WE give on pages 424 and 425 a very accurate and comprehensive Map of Middle Europe, which is valuable not only as including the entire arena of the European conflict, now fairly entered upon, but also as embodying the latest surveys of European engineers.

We purpose, in a few paragraphs, to give here a general survey of this all-important conflict which, whatever be its results, must materially change the dynastic relations of the great continental Powers of Europe. It will be necessary, in the first place, to allude briefly to

THE TREATY OF VIENNA,

which in 1815 made a disposition of the map of Europe that has been the basis of all Continental diplomacy in Europe for half a century. This treaty was based on the downfall of the Bonapartist dynasty, and one of its fundamental principles was the perpetual expulsion of that dynasty from the throne of France. Since 1852 this principle has been annulled by the existence of the Second Empire inaugurated by the *coup d'etât* of NAPOLEON III. Besides this change in principle there have also been some considerable changes made in the map of Europe, as settled by that treaty.

The Treaty of Vienna was signed by a larger number of states than had ever before united in a settlement of European affairs, including Austria, France, England, Russia, Prussia, Spain, Portugal, and Sweden. Coming also immediately after the wide-spread shattering of old landmarks consequent upon French conquests, the rearrangement of territories amounted almost to a reconstruction. This reconstruction was based almost exclusively on dynastic considerations, the real welfare of nations and the tendencies of what are now called "nationalities" being scarcely thought of. Every where were nations, or fragments of nations, placed under foreign sovereignties. England's gain, indeed, was fully equaled by her loss in the new plan. She kept Malta, which was essential to her position in the Mediterranean, and where her rule was not unwelcome, for the sake of Europe generally she undertook the protectorate of the Ionian Islands, now got rid of, and to satisfy royal prejudices she also preserved the kingdom of Hanover, now also got rid of. In Italy, Milan and Venice were given to Austria, and Sardinia was confirmed to Piedmont; while the duchies of Tuscany, Parma, Modena, and Placentia were recognized as sham independent sovereignties, governed by collateral branches of the Austrian Hapsburg. Austria still further obtained possession of the Tyrol, Illyria, and Dalmatia. Prussia's gains were enormous, and, unlike many of the Austrian, were acquisitions of real power. With half of Saxony, nearly all Westphalia, Swedish Pomerania, and almost all the Lower Rhine Provinces, she started afresh as a rival of Austria far more formidable than before. In the North of Europe, Russia received Finland from Sweden: as a compensation for which Sweden received Norway, which was taken from Denmark, and Denmark, who was not represented at the congress, got nothing in return. As to Poland, the three great partitioners made some fresh rectification of boundaries. The innumerable small German States which had existed before the French Revolution, and which had been what diplomatists call mediatized, or, as plain people call it, swamped at the setting up of the Bonapartist Confederation of the Rhine—these all remained swallowed up by their powerful neighbors. Holland, having ceded her German possessions, was consoled with the Belgic provinces, and became a kingdom; and Switzerland remained much as before.

The changes which have been made in the map of Europe since 1815 have been mostly in the second and outer circles. The wars that have taken place have been distant from the centre. The wars in Turkey, Italy, and Denmark have left the great central region unvisited. The chief theatre of the great European conflicts and conquests, and changes of boundaries, and reconstruction of dynasties, of the Thirty Years' War, of the Seven Years' War, of the wars of NAPOLEON, has now had fifty years' exemption from the pressure of hostile armies, and fifty years of advancement in all that conduces to the prosperity of nations and the happiness of the people.

THE IMMEDIATE OCCASIONS OF THE PRESENT CONFLICT.

Middle Europe is decorated with two opposite peninsulas. The northernmost of these is Jutland, reaching into the North Sea; the southern is Italy, extending into the Mediterranean. The actual trouble in Europe has to do immediately with these; more indirectly, however, with the dogma of separated nationalities, which, replacing the old phantom of a balance of power, is the ruling idea of nineteenth-century diplomacy. Politically, as the ancient custom went, the duchies of Schleswig, Holstein, and Lauenburg belonged to Denmark; nationally, they belonged to Germany. Politically, Venetia belonged to Austria; nationally, it cohered with Italy. And to adjust these geographical, political, and tribal considerations, Europe has been perturbed for the last twenty years, and must at last go to war to settle them.

Schleswig and Holstein have for some hundreds of years been subject, almost invariably, to the crown of Denmark, though preserving as to each other and as to the Danes a certain independence. The treaty of Kiel, 1814, gave the two provinces territorially to Denmark, but left them members of the Germanic confederation.

A new monarch, FREDERICK VIII., coming to the Danish crown early in 1848, found the two duchies in open revolt. The German empire had just been set up, and the people of the duchies resolved to join it in name and fact. A war followed. It lasted, with varying fortunes, until 1850, when, the Danish armies becoming decisively triumphant, Prussia and Austria intervened with large bodies of troops. The revolt was subdued, and in 1851 the Great Powers sat down at London to talk over the destinies of the duchies; and it was determined, May 8, 1852, that upon the demise of the actual wearer of the Danish crown the latter should pass to CHRISTIAN, Duke of Glücksburg, and the duchies remain, as before, members of the Danish monarchy.

The demise of the Danish crown occurred in 1863; the claims of the Duke of Augustenburg were revived; a fresh conference of the Great Powers was called, for Austria and Prussia, acting in behalf of the German Confederation, had overrun the duchies with their troops, and King CHRISTIAN was on hand to secure the inheritance. The conference produced no fruit. The Danes were driven into the upper peninsula; the duchies were liberated, and forgetting the claims of the Diet, the two powers took possession of the duchies, and proceeded to dispose of them. Austria sold out her rights in Lauenburg, indefinable as they were, to Prussia, but agreed to govern the larger duchies in common with the associate power. Quarrels necessarily resulted. Prussia wanted to monopolize Kiel, an important port on the Baltic side; Austria was indisposed to this; and then, taking advantage of the extreme unpopularity of the Berlin Government in the duchies, it sought to secure a desirable influence in Northern Germany, by concessions and indulgences to the emancipated communities.

This state of conflict lasted until the summer of 1865, when, as the only alternative of war, a treaty was concluded at Gastein (August 15) by which, while neither Power gave up its eventual claims in the entire plunder, Prussia was left to domineer over Schleswig, while Austria was suffered to work its sweet will with Holstein. Austria, having tried to get back a slice of Silesia in exchange for Holstein, and been snubbed, was even disposed to consult the people of that duchy on their own affairs, and when a refugee journalist or two took advantage of Holstein hospitality to denounce the tyranny of Prussia just over the border, Austria would not surrender the offenders, or silence or punish them. So Prussia continued to menace the Austrians, until the latter some three months since saw the necessity of strengthening their northern frontier, which called for corresponding activity on the part of Berlin; and so with mutual manifestoes and useless parleyings the contending powers have urged on their armaments; and as a last resort, short of the ultimate resort of all, Austria has handed over the destinies of the duchies to the Federal Diet, and summoned the Estates of Holstein—measures which the Court of Berlin, embodied in the resolute BISMARCK, chooses to denounce as the equivalent of a declaration of war.

THE REAL CAUSE OF THE WAR.

But the Schleswig-Holstein question and the Italian question are but the proximate occasions, and not the real cause of this war. The real cause is to be found in the rivalry between Austria and Prussia for supremacy in the Germanic Confederation—or rather, for the supremacy over a united Germany.

The secondary states of Germany must very shortly sink into the embraces of either Prussia or Austria, and this vast booty is the stake for which the Hapsburgs and Hohenzollerns are gaming. Prussia is powerful, but unpopular; Austria is extremely popular with the reigning houses, but weak in finance, and also weak in its diversity of subject races and in its Italian relations. At the present time the indications are that in the approaching conflict it is Austria that will enlist the Diet and its minor members in its favor; and that while Hanover and Saxony will affect neutrality, and submit, if need be, to be fought over, Wurtemberg and Bavaria will take the field by the side of Austria.

THE GERMAN BATTLE-FIELD.

This strife for the imperial crown of Germany must have a theatre distinctly traced by the necessities of the case. Each combatant must strike, if possible, mortally; its blow must therefore be at the heart; and he will be the victor whose blow first faces. Already we hear of an Austrian corps recalled from Holstein; there they would be beyond the chances of support, or supplies, or recall. It is along the frontier of Silesia and Saxony, under the shadow of the "Giant Mountains" which form the natural northern boundary of Bohemia, and within a day's ride by rail of Dresden, that Field Marshal BENEDEK has massed so much of the Austrian army as is to do the German campaign; in other words, the high road to Berlin is the objective point of Austrian strategy. To repel this movement, and to make good an advance upon Vienna, is the business that brings the Prussian infantry with their needle guns face to face with the Austrians.

If the Austrians make good their entrance into Saxony, and over the fertile hills and valleys of that happy kingdom, if they attain and pass the strong positions, fortified and held by Prussia on the Saxon frontier, the march to Berlin will be a parade. The narrow territories of Saxony are therefore the lists where the possibility of an Austrian occupation of Prussia is to be determined; and it is within the bounds of probability that Jena may a second time decide the fate of the Brandenburgs.

STRENGTH OF THE COMBATANTS.

The subjoined figures exhibit as clearly as figures usually do the apparent strength of the leading parties to this German quarrel:

	Area. Sq. Miles.	Population.	Army. Men.	Navy. Vessels.	Debt.
Austria	236,311	37,000,000	800,000	59	$1,500,000,000
Prussia	108,212	19,304,843	700,000	85	None.

The great majority of the Prussian population are Germans, the total number of persons of non-German nationalities being only two millions and a half. Less than one-fourth of the Austrian population is German, as will be seen from the following estimate:

Germans	8,200,000
Bohemians, Moravians, and Slovacks	3,600,000
Poles	2,200,000
Russians	2,800,000
Slavonians	1,210,000
Croats	1,360,000
Servians	1,470,000
Bulgarians	25,000
Magyars	5,050,000
Italians (inclusive of Latins and Friauls)	3,050,000
Eastern Romans	2,700,000
Members of other races	1,430,000

THE SITUATION IN ITALY.

But Austria has to contend not only against Prussia, but against Italy also. After ages of agony under Austrian rule, the Italians, encouraged by the BONAPARTE on the throne of France, arose in 1859, and with splendid gallantry began the too long-deferred task of expelling the hated "Tedeschi" from the peninsula. Before the task was completed the BONAPARTE, who had promised thorough work from the Alps to the Adriatic, paused at the Mincio, and made at Villafranca a peace with the enemy.

To acquire Venetia has been the single idea of the Italians from July, 1859, to this moment. To sell it, to exchange it for other territory, to part with a foot of it on any terms but of the direst necessity, Austria has incorrigibly refused; and its redemption has only been possible through ways of war. The Schleswig embroilment has offered the Italian King an opportunity he could not decline. Minister VON BISMARCK has not failed to stimulate the hesitating ambition of King VICTOR; the Court of Vienna asserts, and events justify the belief, that a secret treaty compels Prussia and Italy to assume the offensive simultaneously. Such has been the intense feeling of the Italians on the Venetian question that the postponement of active hostilities thus long has put the popularity of their king in peril; and to disband his enormous standing army without a blow would be to encounter the risk of a popular outbreak.

Austria has assigned some three hundred and fifty thousand men, commanded by the Archduke ALBERT, to the defense of Venetia. The Italians have about an equal number of regular troops confronting them, commanded in chief by General DELLA MARMORA, with the veteran generals CIALDINI and DURANDO as subordinates. But the most effective part of the peninsular army is the volunteer force, headed by GARIBALDI, numbering already one hundred thousand of the Italian youth, drawn from every province of the kingdom, and largely reinforced by refugees from Venetia.

The province for the freedom of which the war is to be waged lies in the northeastern angle of Italy. It is bounded westerly by the River Mincio and the Lago di Garda, northerly by the Alps, southerly by the Po, while its eastern verge rests upon the Adriatic and the Austrian territories of Trieste and Dalmatia.

To defend this outlying bit of empire Austria has established on the only approachable land side a quadrangle of fortifications, so formidable as almost to forbid access. They are the great fortresses of Mantua, Peschiera, Legnano, and Verona; Mantua, in the centre of a low-lying district, all of which may be flooded in periods of danger, and it is flooded at present; Peschiera, at the foot of the Lago di Garda, commanding that beautiful water, and forming the northern extremity of a chain of defenses which render the Mincio from Mantua to the Lake practicably impassable; Verona, with its fortified camp, and Legnano, in the rear of Peschiera and Mantua, forming the supports of the others, and intimately connected with the German frontier, and the ultimate base of Austrian defense, by the Venetian system of railroads, now used exclusively by government. The swamps of the Po debar an Italian advance by the way of the Romagna. To assault Venetia the fleet of the "gentleman King" may approach Venice, or threaten Pola and Trieste; the regular army of DELLA MARMORA may attack the defenses of the Mincio, from which NAPOLEON III. recoiled; and the volunteers, swarming across the Lake, or—in keeping with the intrepid tactics of GARIBALDI—turning its northern extremity—may appear on the Austrian flank.

The kingdom of Italy has an area of 98,784 English square miles, with a population, according to the last census, taken in the spring of 1864, of 21,703,710 souls. It has a seafaring population of 158,692 individuals, nearly all of whom are liable to the maritime conscription. The military organization of the kingdom is based on conscription, and the standing army consists of more than 200,000 men on a peace footing, and more than 400,000 on a war establishment. The navy of the kingdom consisted in 1865 of 98 steamers of 20,760 horse-power with 2160 guns, and 17 sailing vessels with 279 guns; altogether, 115 men-of-war with 2439 guns. Italy has a public debt of nearly eight hundred millions of dollars.

ATTITUDE OF FRANCE.

The position taken by France in connection with the war is thus announced by the Emperor in a letter to M. DROUYN DE LHUYS, in which his Majesty, after detailing the efforts made in common with England and Russia to prevent an armed conflict, says:

"Had the Conference assembled my Government would have declared that France repudiated all idea of territorial aggrandizement so long as the European equilibrium remained undisturbed. France could only think of an extension of her frontiers in the event of the map of Europe being altered to the profit of a great Power, and of the bordering provinces expressing by a formal and free vote their desire for annexation. In the absence of these circumstances the French Government prefers to any territorial acquisition a good understanding with its neighbors, resulting from its respect for their independence and their nationality. We should have desired for the Germanic Confederation a position more worthy of its importance; for Prussia, better geographical boundaries; for Austria, the maintenance of her great position in Europe after the cession of Venetia to Italy in exchange for territorial compensation. The Conference has failed. Will France be led to draw the sword? The French Government thinks not. Whatever may be the result of the war which may break out, no question affecting us will be resolved without the assent of France. France, therefore, will continue to observe an attentive neutrality, confident in her right and calm in her strength."

This review of the European situation has been compiled from various sources. The best paper which has been published in this country on the subject appeared in the New York *Evening Post* for June 23. From this paper we have made extended extracts, using mainly the writer's own words without quotation.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

VERY EXPENSIVE BREACHES—Breaches of promise.

A Scotchman being asked to say what he thought "real music," answered, "Real music! hoot mon, 'gin ye wad hear *reel* music, listen to the bag-pipes!"

At a medical examination a young aspirant for a physician's diploma was asked, "When does mortification ensue?" "When you propose and are rejected," was the reply that greeted the amazed questioner.

A compass is said to have thirty-two points. The compass of some men's minds has no point at all.

"What branch of education do you have chiefly in your school?" was asked of a pupil.—"A birch branch, Sir: the master has used almost a whole tree."

A GOOD EXCUSE FOR DRINKING.—A lady made her husband a present of a silver cup with an angel at the bottom; and when she filled it for him he used to drink it to the bottom, and she asked him why he drank every drop. "Because, duckey," he said, "I long to see the dear little angel." Upon which she had the angel taken out, and had a devil engraved at the bottom; and he drank it off just the same, and she again asked him the reason. "Why," replied he, "because I won't leave the old devil a drop."

Tom Kirkham used to tell of a friend of his dropping in about dinner-time on an old lady who invited him to draw up to the table. There was a huge pile of the pot order for dinner. The old lady helped him bountifully, and he being hungry, was doing justice to it. "Stranger," said the old lady, "you will find almost every sort of meat in this pie." "Yes, Madam," said he, "and fish too," as he drew from between his lips what he imagined was the back-bone of a red horse or sucker. "Lord have marcy," exclaimed the old woman, "if there ain't our fine-tooth comb that Billy lost two weeks ago!"

A lady was told the other day, by a traveling gentleman, that every lady who had a small mouth was provided with a husband by Government. "Ith it pothible?" said the lady, making her mouth as little as she could. The gentleman added, "that if she had a large mouth she was provided with two husbands." "My gracious!" exclaimed the lady, at the same time throwing her mouth open to the fullest extent. The gentleman became much alarmed, made his escape, and has not been heard of since.

A surgical journal speaks of a man who lived five years with a ball in his head. Job Squires says he has known ladies to live twice as long with nothing but balls in their heads.

THREE VISIONS OF ONE HEAD.

She wore a wreath of roses
The night that first we met;
Her lovely face was smiling
Beneath her curls of jet.
Her curls of jetty brightness
Were charmingly in tone
With the color on her features,
For the hue was Nature's own.
I saw her but a moment,
Yet methinks I see her now,
With the hair that Nature gave her
Above her snowy brow.

A head of Paris fashion,
When next we met, she wore
The expression of her features
Was sharper than before.
And standing by her side was one
Who seemed to give her pain,
As he rubbed the reddening fluid on
What should have held a brain.
I saw her but a moment,
Yet methinks I see her now,
With the barber's nasty liquid
Smeared on her snowy brow.

And once again I met her—
No radiant locks were there;
An unmistaken wig she wore
Instead of lovely hair.
She weeps in silent solitude,
Because she looks so queer!
The barber's poison has destroyed
Her hair from ear to ear.
I saw her but a moment,
Nor want to see her now,
With those ugly proofs of folly
Above her snowy brow.

"Sir, your account has been standing for two years, and I must have it settled immediately." To which the customer replied, "Sir, things usually do settle by standing; I regret that my account is an exception. If it has been standing too long, suppose you let it run a while."

Short visits are the best, as the fly said when he alighted on a hot stove.

An old lady who recently visited Oneida, New York, was asked on her return if the canal passed through that village? She paused a while and answered, "I guess not; I didn't see it; and if it did it must have gone through in the night when I was asleep."

WANTED—a feather from the dovetail of a carpenter.

The late Dr. Seymour was asked if he considered tight lacing bad for consumption? "Not at all; it is what it lives on." A wise and witty reply.

The man who made a shoe for the foot of a mountain is now engaged on a hat for the head of a discourse—after which he will manufacture a plume for Gen. Intelligence.

Jenkins thus describes the hangings of a New York belle: "She wore an exquisite hyphaluntin on her head, while her train was composed of transparent fol-de-rol, and her petticoat of cramdambuli, flounced with Brussels three-ply, of A No. 1."

A jovial doctor on being asked, "How do you treat the cholera?" replied, "Treat it with unmitigated contempt."

AFRAID HE COULDN'T KEEP HER.—The following advertisement appears in a Massachusetts paper:

"NOTICE.—The subscriber hereby forbids any person marrying Rosalinda Pratt, she having promised to marry me. STEPHEN PHILLIPS."

Why is blindman's-buff like sympathy?—Because it is a fellow feeling for a fellow-creature.

Mrs. Whiggles expressed her disappointment the other day on taking up the paper thus: "Lor' sakes! there ain't a single living person dead that I know! It seems to me there ain't no news in this 'ere paper."

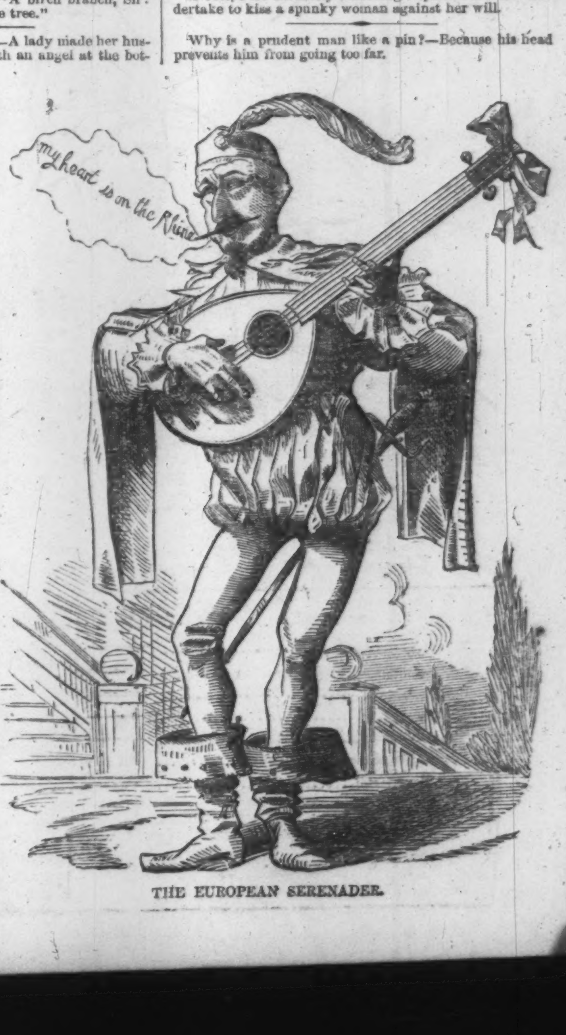
Men who fight duels generally have two seconds to live after they are dead.

TO KILL AUNTS.—Hit your uncle's wife on the head with a hammer.

Some people are never contented. After having all their limbs broken, their heads smashed, and their brains knocked out in a railway accident, they will actually go to law, and try to get further damages.

A recipe for instantly removing superfluous hair: Undertake to kiss a spunky woman against her will.

Why is a prudent man like a pin?—Because his head prevents him from going too far.

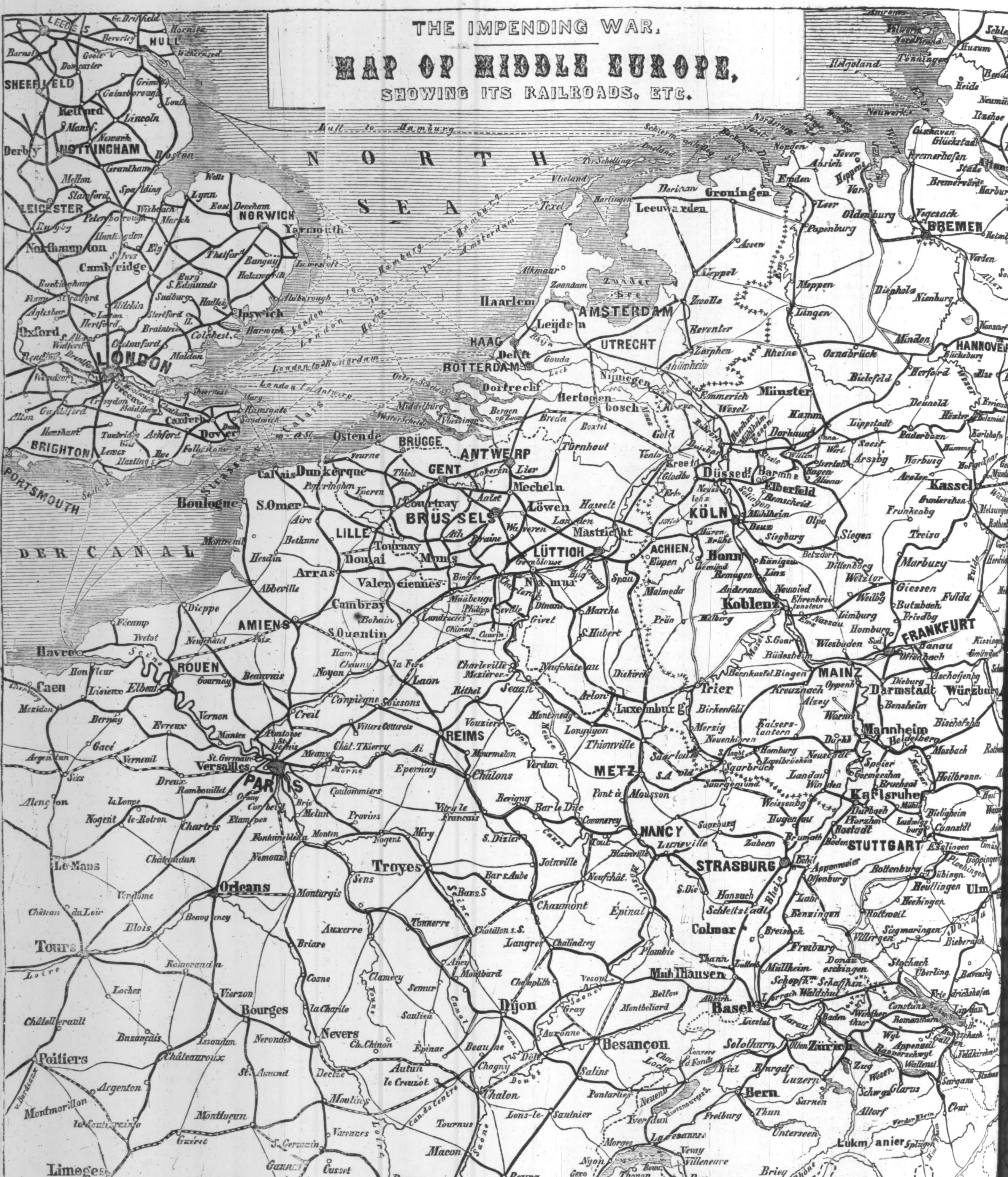

my heart is on the Rhine

THE EUROPEAN SERENADER.

THE IMPENDING WAR.

MAP OF MIDDLE EUROPE,

SHOWING ITS RAILROADS, ETC.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Railroads complete
Railroads in process of construction
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Boundaries of the German Zollverein
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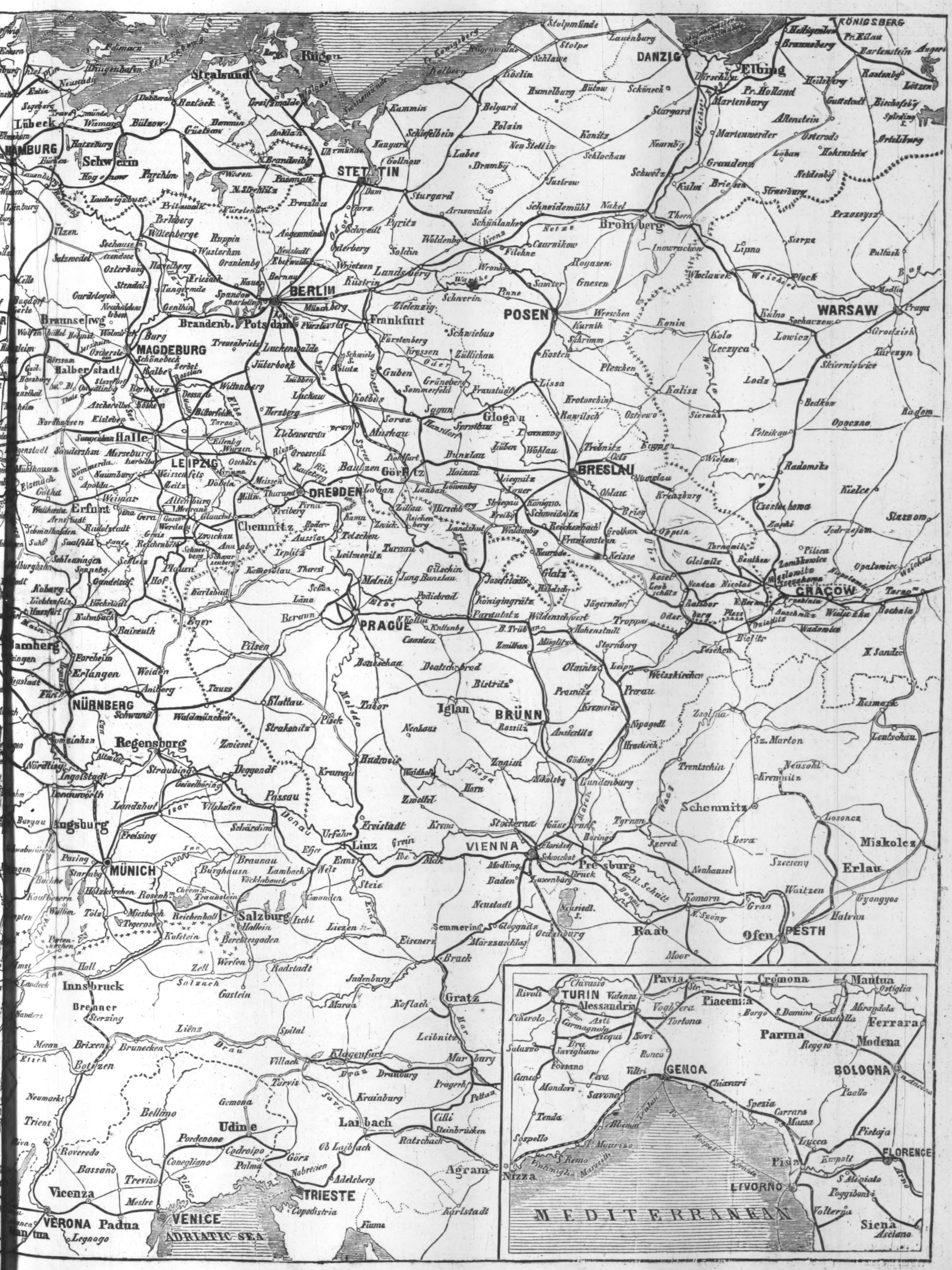
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THE THREE LITTLE SPADES.

BY MISS ANNA WARNER,

Author of "Dollars and Cents," etc.

CHAPTER VII.

Now if there had been any unconcerned spectator in the old work-shop that afternoon, he would have seen that so much sunshine was not without its shadow; and of all places in the world it lay on the gentle face of little Prim. Quite unnoticed, however; for Clover and Lily were too full of their own joy, and Sam too busy and interested in examining the new tools, to give heed to much else, and Prim's delight had been so very evident at first, that afterward it might well be taken for granted. No eyes were brighter than hers when the great package was first brought in, none watched more eagerly to see the wrappings taken off one by one. But when Clover and Lily had untied all their tools, and Sam was hard at work upon the third little package, Prim's face began to wear a look that was more anxious than glad. With great intentness she followed every motion of Sam's fingers, as he unfolded her small tools; just glancing at hoe and rake and spade with a look that said, plainly, "*That* is not it." passing them by in a search for something else. And when, at last, the little trowel and fork appeared, Prim gave them all one more glance and turned away. Silently she stooped down and picked up the stiff brown wrapping papers, laying them one by one together in another place, and then looked down at the bare floor at her feet, where clearly there was nothing more. But nobody saw it all; and Prim stood quite still, struggling with something that swelled her little heart almost beyond control; and when Lily said, "Let's go and show mamma," Prim hurriedly gathered up her tools and followed the others into the house. If once or twice on the way Prim's little hand made a swift dash at her eyes, all that Clover and Lily knew about it was that Prim had dropped her trowel. But Mrs. May saw the whole thing in a moment; saw the slight quiver of the child's lips as she came in, and the shining under her eyelashes that was not of joy, and the listless droop of the hands that held the new tools. It was well for Prim that the other two were so full of their own glad exclamations; and she drew back behind them, and thought herself quite hid.

"Just look! mamma," cried Lily; "did you ever see any thing so perfect? See, mamma, that's a hoe."

"Yes, I know so much as that," said Mrs. May. "And this is a spade."

"This is a spade," repeated Lily; "splendid, isn't it? Just feel how light it is! Why, Sam says one could dig all day with such a spade."

"Could one?" said Mrs. May, with a very doubtful raising of her eyebrows, as her unwonted fingers took hold of the spade (the first one they had ever touched). "It looks like a very fine tool, my dear; and I dare say you will find it quite equal to my grandmother's needles."

"And, mamma, do you see these beautiful weeding forks?" said Clover. "Sam says they're so good 'for obstinate weeds.'"

"Papa needn't have got 'em for *that*," said Lily, twirling round on both toes. "There'll never be any weeds in *my* garden, obstinate or compliable."

"What a charming garden!" said Mrs. May, admiringly. "Pray is that word one of Jack's importations?"

"No, mamma—Robin's."

"I think I would let Robin keep it, if I were you," said her mother. "But where are Prim's tools?"

"Here, mamma," answered a sober little voice off in the distance.

"Oh yes, you should see them, mamma," said Clover; "they're so very pretty, so small and delicate. I think Prim's tools are almost the prettiest of all. Come and show them to mamma, dear—I didn't mean to get before you so. Prim was so delighted, mamma!"

But there was no delight on the child's face as she came forward, and her mother's ear even caught a long-drawn breath that was very near being a sob; and it was with almost an air of weary relief that Prim piled the tools on her mother's lap and stood with free hands.

"Yes, this is a dear little spade," said Mrs. May as she examined them. "I do believe I could dig with this myself."

A watery little smile gleamed out on Prim's face for a minute, but she said not a word.

"Well, are these all the tools papa got for you?" said Mrs. May. Are these enough? They seem very few to me."

"Oh yes, mamma!" said Clover.

"More than enough, *I* think," said Lily. "I don't see what we're to do with the spades myself. Sam is to dig the ground for us."

"But we want to learn how," said Clover.

No word from Primrose, but only a tight clasp of the two little hands together.

"Then I may tell papa that you are satisfied?" said Mrs. May.

"Perfectly! perfectly!" said Lily, with another twirl. "We're just as happy as it's possible to be."

"A great deal more than satisfied, mamma," said Clover, softly. "Please tell papa so."

Still little Primrose said nothing, except with that same long breath again.

"Now run off and hang up your tools in the tool house," said Mrs. May. "Prim is tired—she must stay here and rest with me a while, and then we will come out together."

"Mamma," said Lily, gathering up her tools, and dropping first the hoe and then the weeding-fork—"oh dear! mamma, what was that about your grandmother's needles?"

"Our great-grandmother's needles," corrected Clover.

"It's all the same thing," said Lily.

"But it does not sound respectful to speak as if we had nothing to do with her," said Clover.

"I'm sure *I* never had much," said Lily, "seeing she died about a hundred years before I was born. Well, mamma?"

"When I was a little girl," said Mrs. May, "I used to get into a great deal of trouble over my sewing. I never could take small stitches, and I never could finish my seam, and so on. It is not at all an uncommon case."

"Yes, I know," said Lily, hastily. "Well, mamma?"

"And when I sat sighing over my work, my grandmother used to say to me: 'Dear, what is the matter?' And I, in the deepest trouble, would answer: 'I can't ever do this, I know!' Then my grandmother would say, cheerfully, 'Oh, I must lend you one of my famous needles, that will bring it all right.' So the dear old lady would open her work-table and take out her needle-book of crimson and blue brocade—but old and faded then—and choosing from its shining store a needle that was just the proper size, she would hand it to me, saying: 'There, love, there is one of my famous needles. Now if you will put it in just right, and take it out just right, it will do every bit of the rest of the work itself.'"

"Mamma!" exclaimed Lily, quite indignantly, while Clover laughed, "I don't want my spade to be like that, I'm sure. Come, Clover, let's go hang up our tools." And away they went, leaving Primrose in her mother's lap.

"Mamma," said little Primrose, after a minute's silence, "did the needles really do as she said?"

"I think they did, when I fulfilled the conditions," said Mrs. May, smiling. "And are you quite satisfied with your new tools, dear? Shall I tell papa so?"

A little hesitation, then Primrose answered, slowly:

"They're beautiful, mamma."

"And are you perfectly satisfied?" said her mother. "Papa will be sure to ask me."

"Mamma!" said Prim, with a tone of dismay.

"I thought," said her mother, gently, "that you did not seem quite so much pleased as Clover and Lily. If any one of the tools is not just right, you know it can be changed."

"They're *beautiful*, mamma!" said Prim, looking distressed.

"Then you have not quite all that you want?" said her mother. "Is that it?"

"It's so ungrateful!" said poor Primrose, her lips trembling.

"What is it, love?" said her mother. "Oh yes, I must know. Is there something else you would like to have?"

"Mamma, it's *dreadful*," said Primrose. "Papa is so good, and took so much trouble."

"Then there is something else?"

Prim nodded her little head despairingly.

"What is it?" said her mother, smiling. "Not a plow, I suppose?"

"Oh no, mamma. Please don't mind," said Primrose. "I think I shall get over it."

"What then?" said her mother.

"Mamma—it was only—my little watering-pot," said Primrose. "Oh, it's so ungrateful!"

"Not a bit," said her mother, gayly; "is that all the matter? Now listen, and learn how safe it is to tell me every thing. When papa was just going away again, after he had brought home the tools, he stepped back and said to me: 'The watering-pots did not come, after all; there has been some mistake. I forgot to speak to the children about it. But they can drive over to Hiccory Corner some day, and choose for themselves. There are any quantity there, at the tinman's.'"

"Mamma," said little Primrose, a while after, as she and her mother and the new tools went hand in hand along the walk to the tool-house; "don't you think papa is *almost* the very best person in the whole world?"

Which "almost," be it known, was put in by Primrose only to keep a place for her mother on the same platform of absolute perfection.

SUMMER BOARDING.

I HAD been spending the winter with my cousin Alice Evans, and of course had heard, every month or two, that invariable suggestion of city people: "Where *shall* we go for the summer?" And this suggestion, it seemed to me, would come at the oddest and most *unsuggestive* times; when the thermometer stood below zero, for instance, and "the wind was howling in turret and tree."

To one who lived in a country town, like myself, this desire "to get away from the bricks and mortar," as Uncle Ralph expressed it, was inexplicable. I liked the bricks and mortar, the warm, brilliant rooms, the crowd, the bustle, the shops, and the parties; and summer, to me, had always been a "waiting time" to this delightful season.

"I can't see, Alice, why it is you are in such a hurry to leave a convenient house like this for some little poky country bedroom!" I ejaculated out of my amazement one morning, as I dressed my hair by the great mirror in Alice's luxurious room, thinking all the time of the twelve inches of glass that swung over her dressing-table at Shell Beach last summer.

Alice was in the little dressing-closet, putting her pretty face through its morning ablutions. And she managed to sputter out in answer, between the dashes of water:

"That's because you—were—b-b-born—to the country. And"—splash, splash, "people—never appreciate their inheritance. I was born to—to—city—life; and I want a change—ju-ju-just as you did when you came here."

And here a final splash and a gasp, and my cousin emerged from the dressing-room toweling her face with an energy that left it as rosy as a milkmaid's.

"You want a change, Al? Well, I don't think much of your change. Why, it wasn't half as pleasant down at Shell Beach with your mosquitoes, and fleas, and little tucked-up rooms as it is here."

"Sara, you're a goose! Do you think we are going to stay all summer in these brick walls because they have, as the papers say, 'all the modern conveniences?'"

I laughed.

"But you needn't hurry off from them certainly as you did last summer, before the first roses had come. I'm sure it isn't a very pleasant change, to shiver in lodgings through those early June days."

Alice turned upon me through a bright maze of yellow hair which she was getting up *à la pompadour*.

"Sara, what a practical idiot you are! *Do* you suppose that the change I look for is simply of *things*—the bedrooms and what they contain, or don't contain? Haven't you at four-and-twenty a particle of sentiment left in you, enough to know that it is the change in faces—the people, and not the place or its things? What is that Emerson says about every new person being an event to him? That's my case exactly. Every new person is, or I expect will be"—and here she laughed archly—"an event to me. But I get tired waiting for such an event as a new person in town. I've seen the same men, or the same kind of men, for the last four winters here. They don't vary a hair. Just two types. English and Parisian. Mutton-chop whiskers and the imperial mustache. Goodness, Sara, they are ringing the bell for the third time for us! Do put that hair-pin in for me!" And with that third bell still ringing [illegible] went down to breakfast. Uncle Ralph nodded at us over his coffee-cup. "I guess you overslept yourselves, girls," said Aunt Mary, looking up in her careless, kind way.

"So would you, mamma, if you had been kept awake by that tiresome fiddle as I was. Scrape, scrape, scrape. He was at it half the night I do believe."

"Who is *he*, pray?" asked Uncle Ralph.

"I don't know, I'm sure. It's somebody in the next house—somebody who plays every night regularly. I hate a fiddle any way all by itself. And then the tunes, or the attempts at tunes! That everlasting 'Annie Laurie.' 'Ma-ax-welton's banks are bonnie,'" drawled out Alice in such comic imitation of the usual rendering, or murdering, that we all laughed. And before the laugh was over Alice said, mischievously:

"Papa, Sara wonders we don't stay here all summer. She thinks our 'modern improvements' more than enough to compensate for country air, and all that sort of thing."

"'All that sort of thing' meaning new faces, Uncle Ralph," I broke in.

"Oh yes, Say! I know the ins and outs of this young woman," Uncle Ralph returned, in his jovial way. "I know her 'tricks and her manners.'"

Then he finished his third or fourth cup of coffee—Alice used to declare there was no end to the cups of coffee her father could drink—and deliberately drawing his napkin across his lips, leaned back with one of his great comfortable sighs, and said:

"Well, girls, I believe I have found just the place for the summer."

Alice became at once in a state of the greatest excitement.

"Where in the world is it, papa?"

"Sherman told me of it—Dick Sherman. He says it's the prettiest place he knows."

"Papa, *will* you give us the name?" cried Alice, exasperated at his cool delay.

"Oh! Mount Heron—up there by the Wilder's place, you remember."

"To be sure I remember. And haven't I begged and entreated to be taken there at least a dozen times, and didn't you always say that it was too far off. And now, when Mr. Sherman gives it a puff for the first time, you think it is of enough importance to consider it. If it had been *Mrs.* Sherman now, you wouldn't have given it a moment's thought. Papa, you are a dear old muff!"

And Alice gave "papa" a little pinch, looking at him with delighted eyes all the time.

So it was very soon settled all about Mount Heron. And it was settled, too, that instead of my returning to Eskville I should keep on with them to the mountains. I liked this very much, for I knew something about Mount Heron too; and I knew that there was something better to be had there than little poky rooms, and that never a mosquito or a flea dared to show themselves in that region.

"You horrid, practical thing!" cried Alice, as I remarked this to her. "You're always thinking of rooms and creature-comforts. Pity you couldn't take some of these 'modern conveniences' with you that you prize so much. Now you see my mind is exalted to one anticipation. The new person who is to be an event to me." She laughed gayly as she said this, resuming in a moment: "But seriously, Sara, I do think a great deal of this change in society. One really meets very little variety here. It's all 'our set,' you know; and when a new person comes, why they seem all of the same pattern. And I do like individual people, somebody out of 'our set;' and one is sure to meet them at a summer resort."

"And one must have lots of pretty things for this meeting, Alice," I returned, quietly, but with a sly look at the yards of muslin and cambric and tissue which lay upon the bed ready to be metamorphosed into becoming peignoirs and dinner-dresses.

Alice made one of her odd little grimaces at me, and went on with her memorandum—a memorandum which we filled out the next day. Mercy, what loads of things we bought! What jackets and jockeys and organdies and "sea-sides." I wonder if all city girls buy just such things, and so many of them, for these summer resorts? I asked Alice the question, and she opened her eyes at my ignorance.

"Just such things? Yes, and ten times as many. Why I'm very economical, Sara," she answered.

I have no reason to doubt her assertion, but to my country ideas it did seem, as black Martha said, "An awful heap of things."

This was in April, and the days drew on apace when we should leave the much-abused brick-and-mortar, and start for Mount Heron. Lovely days they were of sunshine and soft airs, when we could let our windows stand open for hours. This was very delightful, and we should have enjoyed it vastly if it hadn't been for one thing. That neighbor of ours who had early in the season confined his violin practice to late evening, now, moved perhaps into more musical humor by the coming of the spring, was "at it," to use Alice's exasperated expression, "morning, noon, and night."

Well, it did seem as if we never laid down for a nap after a tiresome shopping, or attempted any thing where we wanted our nerves quiet, but what that bow would set to scraping. And whatever else he played he always wound up with "Annie Laurie." One day when he came to the line, "I'd lay me down and die," Alice grated her teeth and cried out, savagely, "Well, I wish to goodness he would!" But he didn't. He lived, and certainly throve, as that industriously handled bow could have witnessed. And we lived and bore it, now with a laugh, but oftener with abuse and anathema.

"This is the fun of living in the city in blocks, Miss Sara," Alice flung out at me more than once. "Last spring it was a baby. As soon as I got my windows open in April my ears were saluted a dozen times a day by the most terrific screams you ever heard. What could I do? The thermometer kept rising until I was nearly suffocated, and up would go my window, and, presto! up would go that baby's voice. When I saw the family moving in the fall I congratulated myself. And here, in their place—in the place of that baby—is this man with his horrid fiddle!"

I began to see that there were two sides to a question; and that the "modern conveniences" might have an offset in this close proximity of quarters, especially when it was warm enough to open one's windows. But all things come to an end, even annoyances; and by the first of June we had left the fiddle behind us, and were making our way to the great hills around and about Mount Heron.

"Now, Sara, isn't this nice?" asked Alice, as she looked about our room. Yes, it was very nice. "And you can't call this poky now, can you?" No, I acknowledged that I couldn't.

It was very nice indeed, and we prepared to enjoy ourselves vastly. And it was not hard to find enjoyment at Mount Heron. There was plenty to do, plenty to see, and, it seemed, no end to the new people who were continually coming. But it was not until the beginning of July that the place was really filled with guests. And it was about this time that Alice began to enjoy herself most thoroughly. A little of a coquette was my pretty cousin, and a little self-indulgent and epicurean. Qualities which might lead her on to a selfish end, unless that "destiny that shapes our ends, rough hew them how we will," had a different ordering of some great special softening for her. I thought of this more and more every day as I watched her. She was gay and brilliant and fascinating, and a little fast in her exterior—nothing more, I am sure. And though I knew she had, as she said, a taste for "individual people," "somebody out of our set," yet somehow it always happened that she waltzed and rode and croqueted with just the two types she had designated so indifferently—the men with the mutton-chop whiskers and the imperial mustache—the fashionable young fellows, in short, whom she professed to be tired of. One day I chaffed her about this, somewhat unmercifully I confess; asking her, satirically, if this was the way in which she carried out her fine ideas, etc., etc. She laughed, colored a little, and then answered, with a good deal more spirit than the occasion appeared to warrant:

"Sara, you must always stick so persistently to the letter of one's words. I *do* like individual people just as much as ever, but I don't think it is necessary for them to look unlike or seem unlike other people in society in every particular by any means. You remember how that dandy, Cureford, astonished us all by his splendid behavior in the war? And further back, Miss Sara, just think of those young heroes at Balaklava. *They* were dandies too, half of them, and yet, spite of their dandyism at home, they turned out to be very individual people, I think."

"Alice," and I bent forward and scrutinized that pink face under the round hat—"Alice, I believe, after all, that one of these dandies is turning out an 'event' to you; and you've come all the way to Mount Heron to find him when you had 'em by the dozen at home."

"He isn't a dandy—no such a thing; he only dresses like other people; and I hate that ridiculous affected reformatory artistic style, or whatever you call it, which some men assume to try to show themselves superior. I don't think it is an evidence of sense or wisdom. I believe in conformity in such matters, and I believe that any real individual person won't stop to fight fashion; they'll have something better to do!"

And completely out of breath Alice stopped. But she had run her tilt right into the enemy's camp and betrayed herself fairly.

"Oh, Alice, Alice, so the great event has arrived! Who is he? where is he?"

My cousin by this time had recovered herself sufficiently to see how useless it was for her to attempt denial; and so with a half-laugh, and a half-frown, and a very high color, she said:

"Now, Sara, you needn't make any more of it than is necessary, for I am not by any means engaged to any body yet; but—"

She ceased speaking so suddenly that I looked up from the fern-leaves I was painting for the reason, and found her bowing to some one outside with the most enchanting smile, and with a little lost look in her eyes which apprised me at once that the "event" was passing. I bent farther forward to the entire destruction of one of my ferns and my white muslin sleeve, and looked down, to see a tall young gentleman with *mutton-chop whiskers*, and the usual faultless *tout ensemble* of "*our set.*" Alice did not stop to finish her explanation to me after this, but with a restless movement or two, a settling of the feather in her hat, and a glance at the glass, she was out of the room; and the next thing there she was strolling up a hill-path with the new "event." I returned to my ferns laughing inwardly, and wondering how it would end. Was Alice, this little, gay, coquettish Alice, with her fine ideas and her theories, really touched at last, and by the very type of man whom she had always affected to half despise? It looked very like it I had to confess. That evening there was a "hop" in the hall, and as I stood talking to one of the young Warehams Alice came up from a waltz with the identical gentleman.

"This is Mr. Alney, Sara; my cousin Miss Chester, Mr. Alney."

I received a very pleasant smile from the very handsome mouth shrined between those mutton-chop whiskers, and then the usual commonplaces were gone through with about the weather, and the room being warm, etc., until another waltz struck up, and another aspirant came flying across the floor to keep his engagement with Alice; and so it happened that I was left alone with Mr. Alney, for by this time young Wareham had disappeared. Again the very pleasant smile from the handsome mouth, and,

"Will you waltz, Miss Chester?"

"No, I didn't care to," and I told him so. "But pray, Mr. Alney, don't let me keep you here. There's Katy Wareham now who will be delighted to dance, I dare say; let me introduce you. See that pretty young girl in blue across there;" and saying this I had already started forward a step or two toward Katy, expecting my companion to follow. But he stopped me with his outstretched hand laid on my sleeve and the words:

"Stay a moment, Miss Chester. I *can* do something besides dance; and if you have no objection I won't know Miss Wareham just yet."

There was a queer, quizzical look in his face, a glimmer of fun in his eyes as he said this which made me strongly suspect that he had a suspicion of my probable estimate of him.

Well, we staid there and talked. It wasn't a very remarkable conversation. We neither of us said any thing very wonderful; yet at the end of it I knew that Mr. Alney was neither wanting in sense nor manliness. Perhaps, after all, he might turn out to be one of those strongly individual persons whom Alice affected so much. It was pretty evident that she fancied he was now. As I thought this I looked up at the immaculate neck-tie, the carefully-arranged hair, and faultless detail of elegant attire. It was too faultless by half, too careful. "I should like you better, or at least believe in your possibilities more," was the conclusion of my thought, "if you were not quite so much of a dandy."

But my thoughts were of very little consequence in this matter. There were just two people who were concerned here, and these two seemed to be perfectly well suited with the development of things. I was not surprised, therefore, when one evening Alice came up and acquainted me with the fact of her engagement to Mr. Richard Alney. I offered my congratulations in the prettiest way I could, but I couldn't quite conceal the amusement I felt at the recollection of her words about the mutton-chop-whisker-men of "our set." But then, as Alice said, I did stick so persistently to the letter of one's words.

"I know what you mean, Sara!" she exclaimed, half laughing herself as I told her I was glad that her great "event" had come to her at last. "I know you think I have come all the way to Mount Heron to find what I might have found in any drawing-room in New York—a superfine dandy. But you are mistaken. Richard is nothing of the kind, though he does wear his hair parted in the middle sometimes."

"Oh, does he?" I answered. "Well, I didn't notice that, my dear, and I'm sure I don't see why he shouldn't; it's nothing to me; but you know your great hobby has always been—"

"Yes, I know, Say, but Dick is better than my hobby." And with this confession we both of us became silent, and presently lost ourselves in sleep, which was certainly the best thing we could do, as it was almost midnight.

I was dreaming a very odd dream the next morning, where I seemed to be in our old room in town trying to shut out the sound of that baby's screams, which Alice had told me about; and in the midst of my fruitless efforts I woke up to hear—no, not "that baby," but, as you live, that fiddle! There it went, I knew it could be no other, scrape, scrape, scrape—on "Ma-ax-welton's banks." I could have shouted with laughter, but I wouldn't; I waited for Alice. Presently I heard that regular respiration suspend, then a little start, and then:

"Say, there's that fiddle, as sure as you are alive!" And at this I gave way and shouted out my laughter, wherein Alice joined.

"Oh, Say, he's certainly followed you here! I know he has. I know it's you, Say, for don't you remember, the day we left, that red-haired, red-whiskered young gentleman who came down the steps of the next house, and how he stared at you! He never once looked at me."

Again her laugh tinkled out, and again and again she reverted to the subject, calling him, in gleeful retributive malice, "my event," and looking about with mischievous eyes at the breakfast-table for the red-haired stranger.

I expected when Mr. Alney came in that she would tell him the story, but Mr. Alney was too sacred yet to be funny with; for I have noticed that your gay, mischief-loving girls are invariably the most pensive in the early days of their engagements. No, she didn't tell Mr. Alney yet; her mind was too full of other things when that handsome face appeared; and I am not sure but she would have forgotten the fiddler altogether during those days if he hadn't kept himself in mind by "Ma-ax-welton's banks" every morning.

The house we were in was built in what is called a hollow square. Our room was at the further end of a long hall; that of our fiddling friend was in the next angle—just around the corner, as it were, but of course utterly separated by the division of the halls. Situated thus, you see, though our windows were close neighbors, we entered from different ways and never encountered each other. I did think it was rather strange we never saw a face at the window; but then gentlemen are very little in their rooms at a watering-place, and this one, I knew quite well, kept very early hours; for wasn't that industrious bow scraping away some mornings by five o'clock? And every one of these mornings Alice would wake up with a grimace and the most unflattering mimicry. Then would follow the usual chaffing about my mysterious adorer.

"You'll never *see* him, Sara; you'll only *hear* him, I'm afraid," she said to me at one time. But we did see him sooner than she expected. It was that very day, at the close of the afternoon, we three—Alice and Mr. Alney and myself—were sitting out on the terrace. By this time Alice had come out of her clouds enough to know, and then discuss, the things pertaining to this earth, and so it happened that she began quizzing about my "mysterious adorer." A word or two of this kind pricked up Mr. Alney's ears.

"Eh? What is that? Has Miss Sara a mysterious adorer here?" he asked.

"Indeed she has, Richard; and he serenades her every morning with 'Annie Laurie' on the violin. You ought to hear it. And what is more, he has followed us away up here from New York, where for two months before our leaving he went on in the same mysterious manner next door to us. Think of his being next window to us now. Isn't it romantic?"

"Next window to you? Where is your window, pray?"

"Why, at the southeast corner, where the mulberry-trees are; and our fiddler's is just here," drawing out a little diagram on the letter she held for indication. "Do you see?" pointing her pencil at the two windows.

"Yes, I see." And Mr. Alney's look of amaze suddenly broadened into an unmistakable grin.

Alice, glancing up at him, exclaimed, "Richard, you know who it is, I am perfectly sure. Oh, tell us, tell us!"

"Wait a minute, Alice. What is the number of your house in town?"

"570."

"And the street?"

"Why, I told you the other day it was —teenth Street."

"Bless my soul! No! I thought you said—" and here his words were lost in an uncontrollable burst of laughter.

"Richard, for pity's sake what is it—who is it?" exclaimed Alice.

"What is it? Who is it?" burst through the laughing tones. "It is just this—your neighbor was, and is—" and here another great laugh broke down the words, and then he suddenly resumed: "Alice, here is a very simple explanation of the mystery. Your number in town is 570 —teenth Street. Mine is 572. Your room here is at the southeast corner, by the mulberry-trees. Mine is in the adjoining angle."

"Richard! you don't mean to say that—"

"That I am the mysterious stranger who performs 'Annie Laurie' on his violin? I do mean to say just that, my dear Alice."

His eyes twinkled with the fun of the thing. As for me, I could contain myself no longer, but gave vent to the laughter that assailed me, wherein Mr. Alney joined most heartily, and after a moment Alice herself.

"To think we should have been next-door neighbors, Alice, all this time, and never known it!" he cried, merrily, as soon as words could steady themselves again. "And to think I should have serenaded you unwittingly for the last four months! Music 'o' mornings, they say it will penetrate.' *Did* it penetrate, Alice? Did your fastidious German taste, your classical 'ear,' get offended by my clumsy efforts? Confess now that you anathematized me; that you wished the fiddler would keep the peace, and have done with his murderous attempts at music!"

Alice colored so violently that all reply was needless. And I never was better pleased with Mr. Alney than when he said consolingly to her: "Come, Alice, you needn't feel badly about it at all. My cousin Sue used to declare the yelping of her poodle was melody to my scraping. She had the German 'ear,' you see, just as you have, and I haven't, little lady."

The splendid fellow, he hadn't a spark of vanity in him! And when he said next: "But I *do* like my old fiddle; it was a great friend to me in camp, and I think you'll have to let me have a far corner somewhere, Ally, where I can scrape away a little one of these days." When he said this I could have kissed him. But I didn't!

"In camp!" cried Alice. "Were you in camp?"

"To be sure I was, and on the field, which was better;" and lifting a lock of falling hair, he showed a small but deep scar, saying, with rising color and a smile, "I'm very proud of that."

"Oh, tell me all about it!" Alice exclaimed.

"There's nothing to tell, Alice. I performed no wonderful deeds; I only did my duty as a Lieutenant—that was all. You see I wasn't famous any way."

Only did his duty! The manly, simple words touched me strangely, and, looking up, I saw the tears in Alice's eyes. At this I stole away and left them.

Only did his duty! "and wasn't famous any way." To be sure. How many noble fellows might tell the same story! But they were all heroic—just the same—all possible Balaklava heroes, I thought.

Well, well, well! So this was the end of that fiddling!

We had come all the way from New York to get acquainted with a next-door neighbor!

"You think, Alice," I said afterward, "that you came up here to find your 'event,' when there was only a partition between you."

Alice was ready to laugh at any thing now, for she was very proud and very happy; and her voice sounded here in a tinkle like merry bells. "But isn't he splendid, Say?" she asked me. "And don't you think now he is one of my individual people after all?"

"After all, Alice—immaculate neck-ties, varnished boots, primrose kids, and all."

But he earned his title to individuality by something more than this. When the talk of the marriage day drew nearer he brought out a scheme of his which astonished me.

He was holding, and had held some time, an honorable government appointment, but he wished to give this up, and go out to a new country. He had a friend in Colorado who had offered him a partnership in his business. It was a life much harder, he knew, than what he would leave, but it seemed to him finer and more manly, for he hated to be a hanger-on at office. And then it seemed to him that these new countries were meant for the young men, and were better for them. This was the way he talked, and, Alice agreeing with him, he speedily put his talk into action.

"Yes; plenty of individuality, Alice," I whispered to her on her wedding-day. "But where *will* you put that fiddle when you are in Colorado?"

The bridegroom heard this last question; and bending down to me, he answered: "Sara, I've made it over to Tom Granger; so I dare say you'll hear it when you are at 570 —teenth Street, for Tom is going to take my old room at cousin Sue's."

Reader, *can* you believe it? Tom Granger has actually taken possession of that room; and as I write this he is actually sawing out "Ma-ax-welton's banks are bonnie."

And furthermore, Tom Granger is the identical "red-haired" who, coming out from a call that day, stared at me so persistently.

"Music o' mornings, they say it will penetrate." I wonder if it will penetrate to Mount Heron this summer; and I wonder if I—? But I think I have wondered quite enough; and I think all such wondering had better be left for time to settle, or till another season of "Summer Boarding."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

ONE of the popular Magazines (Philadelphia) for July, in speaking of New York and Philadelphia, says—evidently in anticipation—"Our hot, dusty cities are beginning to look deserted." Not a bit of it. New York, at least, is as lively as a bee-hive. We can not, to be sure, *assert* the same to be true of Philadelphia! At mid-day, when old Sol is unusually lavish of his rays, it is not unlikely that some of the many seek a shady shelter, and enjoy a quiet *siesta*. But if you want to know whether our great metropolis is deserted or not, go out about six in the evening, and stroll through the streets and avenues for a couple of hours. "*Deserted!*" One would almost wish it, to escape the crowd!

In the fashionable avenue, and in the stifled alley; in the clean, grassy parks, and in the dirty, open lots, swarm the myriads who from costly mansions and from miserable hovels come forth alike to revel in the delicious cool of evening. The well-dressed, and the ill-clad; the flippant dandy, and the rough laborer; the gay coquette, and the weary washwoman; the solitary bachelor, and the social German, with all his family, form a motley yet picturesque throng. And children—such flocks!—laughing, running, jumping, crossing and recrossing your path, it requires not a little skill to make a passage through them without crushing sundry toes. Nice little masters and misses, in white *piqué* and blue ribbons, taking a prim walk with their nurses. Gay little lads and lasses, in neat plaids and muslins, joyously chatting with papa and mamma. Dirty little boys and girls, in rags and tatters, with nobody in particular but themselves, yet none the less frolicksome for all that. Pretty children and homely children—fair and dark—blue-eyed and black-eyed—rosy and pallid—healthy-looking children, and children with faces all blotched from their impure blood. And babies!—laughing babies and screaming ones—fat babies and lean ones—lace-robed babies, and babies with no robes at all to speak of—jolly-looking babies, and forlorn little creatures, wan and pale—clean babies, and ah! so many dirty ones!—"Deserted?" No, New York is not deserted yet!

For those interested in West Point the following extract, in reference to the recent "Farewell Hop," is given. It is evidently written by a looker-on:

> "Beauty and fashion, particularly fashion, flaunt about the rooms and halls. Talk about Broadway, Fifth Avenue, or Central Park—they are as nothing before the absurdities of to-night's display. Fashion with her curly wigs, her frizzled fronts, her huge round rats, her dainty little mice, her ponderous rolls, her tremendous waterfalls, her great big bags of in-netted hair, cut from the Lord knows who, her spangles and brilliants, her furbelows and hoops; and despite all the fashion beauty is here too. The ladies are dressed elegantly, and, with the exception of their heads, with great taste. Such webs of illusion, tulle, tarletan-muslin, and all that sort of thing, were never woven in the imagination of Scheherezade, or any other Oriental story-teller."

A brisk business in *dogs* has been going on for a week or two past. Fear of hydrophobia is reduced to a minimum in view of recent reports. The surplus population of "*canines*" is manifestly reduced, and owners of favorites are forced to keep a vigilant watch over them lest they vanish from their sight. A correspondent of the New York *Times* in remarking upon the final disposition of these animals, facetiously remarks:

> "The quadrupedal corpses are placed upon barges and taken in charge by the proper contractors, and, we believe, buried, the new machine for grinding them up and extracting their *bark* for medical purposes having thus far proved a failure."

A certain Mrs. De Wolfe has been making quite a stir in San Francisco by appearing in the streets in a "reform dress," as she calls it—in "male attire" the courts state it. The police court fined the lady $21; but some warm-hearted advocate has espoused her cause, and discourses at length to the editor of the *Bulletin*. We have room only for a short quotation:

> "This woman's offense against the community lies in boots, jacket, hat, and pantaloons. Other ladies walk the principal streets of San Francisco in tightly-fitting coats, high-heeled boots, jackets, and jockey hats, worn rowdishly on one side of the head. So far, wherein does the dress worn by her differ from that worn by the fashionable lady? Simply, pantaloons. Other ladies wear instead of pantaloons hooped skirts, and such hoops!......Ladies appear on the streets of San Francisco in trailing dresses, dragging three-quarters of a yard of rich silk or velvet after them, performing the work of the street-sweeper. They collect on their skirts the combined filth of the streets, and with these trailing skirts envelop themselves in a cloud of dust. This fashion is disgusting to a sense of decency even; but I never heard of a lady being arrested and fined for appearing on the streets in a trailing dress. 'Oh, consistency, thou art a jewel!'"

A young lady of a most respectable family, living in Rock Island, Illinois, has recently been brought into a most unfortunate position. It appears that after a few months' acquaintance with a youth named Collins, who was known as a "nice young man of good habits," she married him. By accident letters came into her hands alluding to another wife. Investigation showed Collins to be a great scamp, and that he had a wife in Canada West (No. 1), one in Michigan (No. 2), and another still in Rockford, Illinois (No. 3). Mrs. Collins, No. 4, declined any further acquaintance with the gentleman, who is likely to meet with the reward of his deeds. *Moral.*—Investigations are better before than after marriage.

Some Western writer, commenting upon the law passed not long since prohibiting the free-pass system on railroads in New York State, gives some amusing accounts of people, particularly editors, who, their passes becoming useless, were caught away from home without money. One poor fellow, who was caught a long way from home, it being on a small town on the Illinois River, nearly despaired of ever getting back again. This was his dispatch, sent by the kindness of the Telegraph Company, who granted him the free use of the wires:

> "DEAR WIFE,—Sell my tother clothes for what they will bring, and remit at once. Had my linen duster for supper, and my spare shirts will have to go for lodging. May be able to make a light breakfast on a German silver comb and a pair of shears that I chanced to have with me. Don't know when I shall get home. It will depend a good deal on the walking. Don't marry for a few months; there is a bare possibility of my getting back.
>
> "SIMON."

Hartford can boast of a youthful astronomer, who has already made himself famous. A few weeks since a lad by the name of Augustus Taft, a son of Dr. Taft of that city, thirteen years of age, discovered a hitherto unknown star, in the constellation of the Crown. At first it was invisible to the naked eye, but rapidly grew brighter, till it could be seen without the aid of a glass. A day or two after young Taft's discovery, Professor Gould, of the Cambridge Observatory, discovered the same star. It proves to be one of the third magnitude.

In some English town—the exact locality of which the report does not state—a company of Spiritualists met one evening to hold communications with unseen worlds. A gentleman was asked if he should like to call a spirit. "I should," the gentleman replied. "Whose?" asked the medium. "Lindley Murray's." Lindley Murray's ghost appeared erect right through the table. The gentleman shuddered. All trembled. The medium was visibly affected. "Are you the spirit of Lindley Murray?" asked the gentleman, astonished at his own courage in addressing a visitant of the lower world. "Yes, I are!" boldly responded Lindley Murray's ghost. Poor Lindley Murray!

A good story is told of the late Cardinal Wiseman. When he was plain Dr. Wiseman of the Sardinian chapel in Lincoln's Inn Fields, a pious friend knelt to him in confession. After the process he retired to a quiet corner and lost himself in an ecstasy of contrite fervor. When he rose from his knees at length his hat was gone; he searched far and near but nowhere could he find it. Finally he betook him to Dr. Wiseman. "Father, I have lost my hat; I fear somebody has taken it." "And what were you doing when it was taken?" "Praying." "Ah! my child," said the Doctor, with a quiet smile, "you know what the Scriptures tell us, we must *watch* as well as pray."

An Irish journal, in describing a fight which took place in the streets of Cork, says that one of the belligerents, "named Thomas Hurley, has lost his left eye, and it is said he lost it in the same way about six months ago, and in the same house where the row commenced." A most extraordinary instance is this of the recuperative power of nature! We wonder if any where else besides in Ireland a man can be supplied by nature with a new eye in six months!

Quite a novel method has been invented out West, whereby persistent suitors can accomplish their end. The following is an instance:

> A young man wanted to marry a young girl out in Wisconsin, but her rich parents forbade the match. The young man became sick—very sick—and had terrible fainting fits. The doctors were called, and said he would soon die, and he said he wanted to. The father of the girl visited the patient, and agreed with both him and the doctors. The poor fellow said that if he could marry his Mary Anne he would die happily. His dying request certainly could not be refused, and Mary Anne having no objections the minister was sent for, and the solemn ordinance of marriage was performed before the most solemn messenger of death should step in to snatch away the gasping bridegroom from time to the regions of eternity. The knot being securely tied, the patient rose from the bed a well man. It was a great cure, astonishing both the cruel "parient" and the doctors, but the bride acted as though she had expected it all the time.

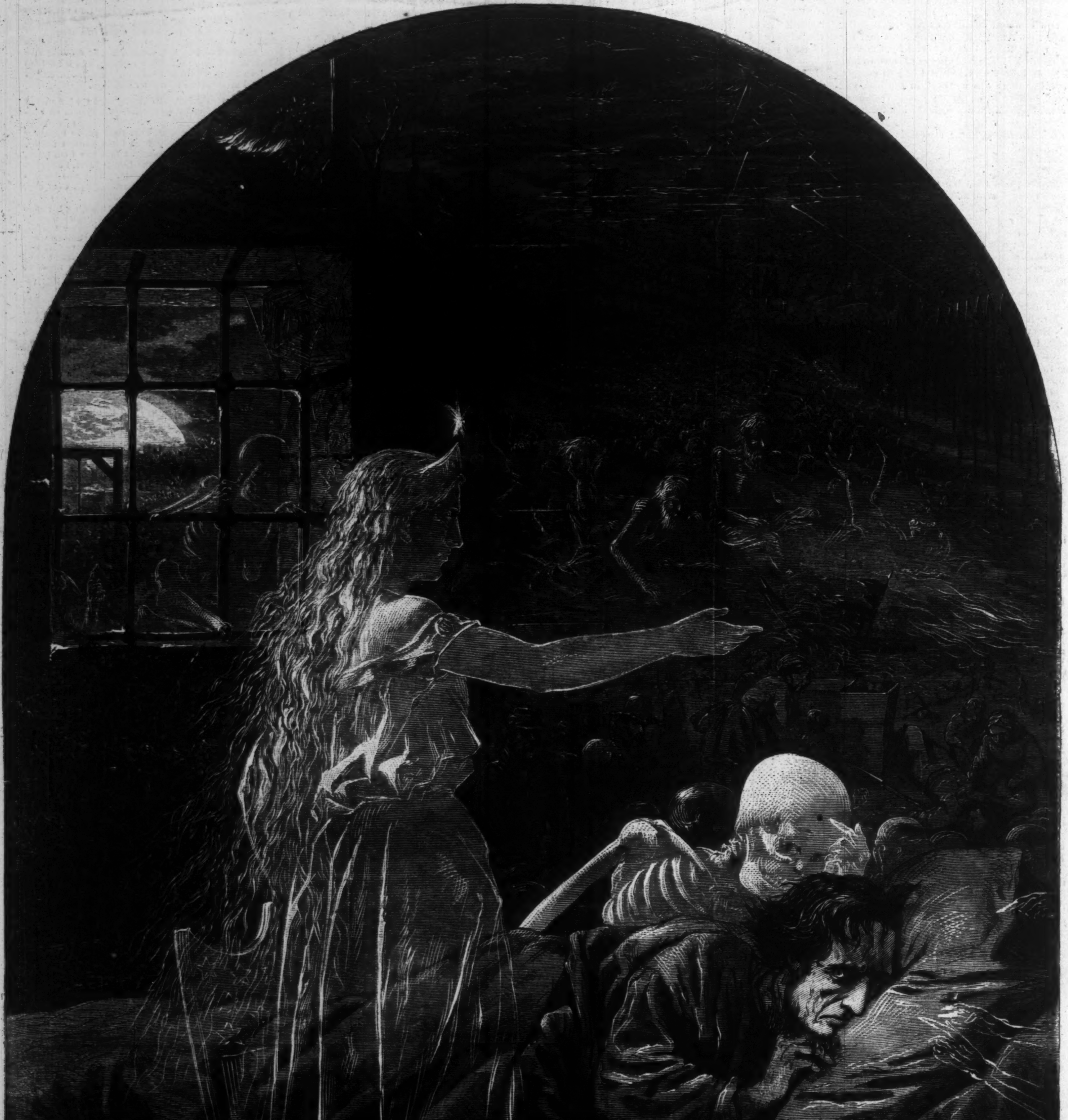
An English journal divides the human race into four great classes, as follows: First, those whom every one would wish to talk to, and whom every one does talk of; these are that small minority that constitute the great. Secondly, those whom no one wishes to talk to, and whom no one does talk of; these are the vast majority that constitute the little. The third class is made up of those whom every body talks of, but nobody talks to; these constitute the knaves. And the fourth is composed of those whom every body talks to, but whom nobody talks of; and these constitute the fools.

The following singular story comes from Paris. A rich old miser, who died lately, left a will couched in these terms: "I give and bequeath all my fortune, amounting now to 673,556f. 50c. in railway shares, to the young girl who, having lost the left eye and the right leg, should please and get married to a young man of her own age, handsome, honest, and well educated." An executor was appointed who was to search for a young girl distinguished as above-mentioned; and if he could not find one, he was authorized to make a charitable disposition of the property. Not long since, however, he saw a young girl waiting in a shop who had not the use of her left eye, and he was quite delighted also to find that she had a wooden leg. The executor still further ascertained that the girl was about to be married to a young man. A week afterward when the young couple with their friends were about to terminate their nuptial evening by a modest repast, to the astonishment of all present, the executor of this strange will entered and seated himself without ceremony at the table, and made known the dispositions of the will. It is almost unnecessary to say that some additions and improvements were made in the bill of fare, and the first toast was to the memory of the testator.

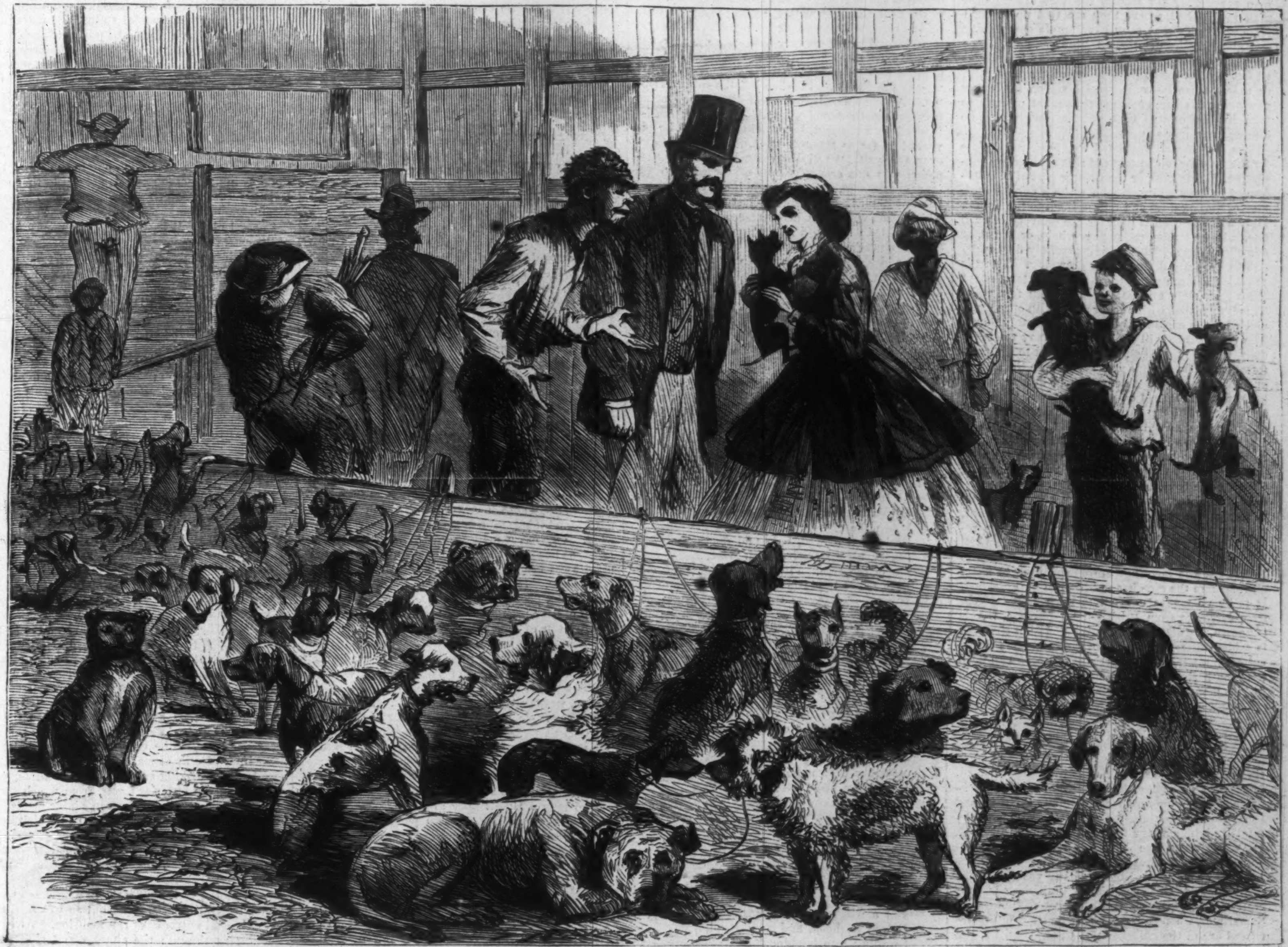
A letter from Berlin says:

> "Considering the enormous rise in the price of meat which the rinderpest will probably occasion within a very few months, it may be interesting to your readers to hear of the great success which has attended the introduction of horse-flesh in Berlin as an article of human food. In 1860 the number of horses slaughtered for this purpose was 613, in 1861 it was 700, but in 1864 it had increased to 1742, and in 1865 to 2241. The meat is perfectly wholesome, and very tolerably palatable, resembling rather coarse beef. Grand dinners have been given by a society interested in its introduction, at which horse-flesh alone was produced, though prepared in various ways. Old cab-horses, wall-eyed and broken-kneed, are found to be delicious eating, when treated by a really artistic hand."

We had rather be excused from attending any of those "grand" dinner-parties at present! Nobody can foretell to what straits Americans may yet be reduced. But may the day be far distant when we shall follow Berlin fashions!



WHY HE CANNOT SLEEP.

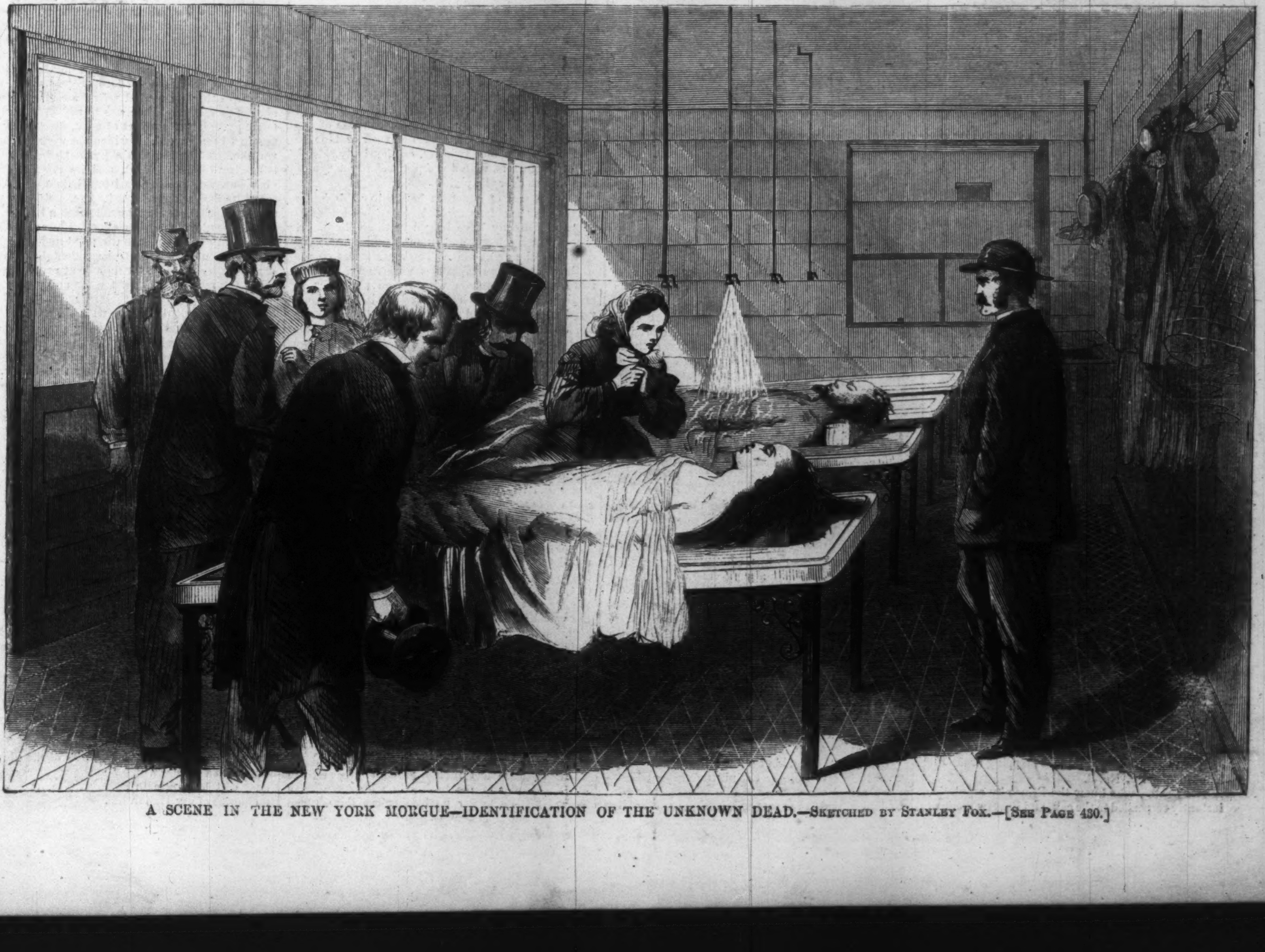


NEW YORK CITY DOG POUND, FOOT OF TWENTY-FIFTH STREET, EAST RIVER.—[SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.]

THE DOG POUND.

IN the earlier years of the annual raid on dogs in this city the Pound was located at the foot of Thirty-first Street and the East River, whence it traveled to Twenty-eighth Street, from which classic locality it then departed for Twenty-sixth Street and North River, where, after a short stay of a single month, it removed to Twenty-fourth Street, East River, where it reposed in peace for three years, and then removed to its present stopping-place at the foot of Twenty-fifth Street, East River.

The Dog Law went into operation June 18. From this time for three months woe be to the unmuzzled cur found meandering our streets, unless he be blessed with prompt and loving friends of the hu-



A SCENE IN THE NEW YORK MORGUE—IDENTIFICATION OF THE UNKNOWN DEAD.—SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.—[SEE PAGE 430.]

man species. After seizure the dogs are confined in a rough shed, where they are tied up in such close proximity that they have ample opportunity and abundant leisure for intestine conflicts. The dogs are confined twenty-four hours each, and until four o'clock every day, when, unless redeemed, or unless there be some special reason for longer preserving his life, each prisoner must prepare to take his journey to that bourne from which no drowned cur ever returns.

The city has appropriated five thousand dollars for the purpose of disposing of this surplus dog population. This sum, or the greater part of it, is disbursed to boys and men who make a regular business of finding dogs and taking them to the Pound. Half a dollar each is paid for the delivery of each one. Be he "mongrel, puppy, whelp, or hound, or cur of low degree," his price is precisely fifty cents.

The dogs are destroyed by drowning. There is provided a large water-tight square cistern, about eight feet high, ten feet long, and six feet wide. This is furnished with a cover made with open slats, and which is capable of being bolted firmly down. The contrivance will contain from sixty to eighty dogs, without their being too crowded to die comfortably. The victims are thrown into the cistern and the cover fastened down; then, by means of a hose, water is turned on until the tank is full, and kept there until emphatically "the dog is dead."

When the Pound establishment first opens its "season" there is, for a few days, a great rush, as many as three hundred dogs having been taken in during the first two days. It is then an exciting time for the boys. Rumor has it that on the first day of the operation of the law an enterprising young gentleman, of eleven years or thereabont, residing in First Avenue, had eighteen dogs secured in his cellar, ready for the earliest market. When the canine harvest is thoroughly reaped in New York the boys not unfrequently go to sister cities, where the crop has not been so well gleaned. It is by no means unusual to have dogs brought from Jersey or from Brooklyn. Of course, if this is known, the dogs are not purchased; but the trick is seldom discovered save by the confession of the culprit himself, who is particularly careful to keep his mouth shut till he has made his bargain and got his money.

THE MORGUE.

WE give on page 429 an illustration of a scene in the room for the identification of the unknown dead, in the *Morgue*, or dead-house, which has been established by the Commissioners of Public Charities and Correction, in conjunction with the Bellevue Hospital Buildings at the foot of Twenty-sixth Street, East River, on the Bellevue Hospital grounds. This institution takes its name from a similar one in Paris which has existed for many years.

The use of the *Morgue* is not limited, as is generally supposed, to the remains of persons unknown. Sometimes, when the name and residence of the deceased are in the possession of the authorities, the body is nevertheless taken to the *Morgue*—it may be from considerations of the public health; it may be from unwillingness on the part of the landlords to receive the body; or, it may be from consideration for the family not prepared for such a spectacle; and, finally, it may be from errors in the address of the deceased. At the *Morgue*, also, are deposited the bodies of new-born children, found in the sewers or elsewhere.

The *Morgue* supplies a want long felt in this city, and will undoubtedly be the means of restoring many unknown bodies to anxious friends or relatives. Heretofore, for want of such accommodation, bodies of persons unknown have necessarily been hurried off to Potter's Field. When once consigned to the burial trenches of that place their recovery was next to impossible.

It is astonishing how many die in this city of whom absolutely nothing is known; and it is a disgrace to the metropolis that until now no adequate provision has been made for their identification.

The coroners under whose charge such cases first come have exerted themselves to remedy the evil. Application was made by them to the State Legislature and to the Board of Supervisors for the means of advertising such persons, but without avail; and it was not until a short time since that Councilman GEORGE H. MACKAY took the matter in hand, and procured an appropriation for that purpose. Since that time (April 18), thirty-five unknown bodies have been advertised.

The *Morgue* is a large square apartment, well lighted from two sides. It has stone-walls, and the floor, which is laid with tile, is some three feet beneath the ground level. On one side are arranged four show-tables, about three by six feet in size; from each table is an India-rubber tube, terminating in a vase, through which the Croton water constantly passes, and is distributed over the table. Behind the tables, on the wall, are rows of hooks. The bodies are here exposed to view, and by the arrangement spoken of are kept constantly showered with the water. The hooks are intended to hang the clothes of the deceased persons upon. A glass partition shuts off the tables from the rest of the apartment, and prevents any odor that may arise from the bodies escaping. Connected with the *Morgue* are offices for the coroners, and a room for autopsies under their direction. There is also on the same floor an autopsy-room for the use of the hospital. The whole arrangement is admirable, and contrasts strongly with the miserably close, confined, dirty rooms before used for the same purpose.

THE DOCTOR.

A PHYSICIAN, who was well known in St. Petersburg for his eminent skill and extensive practice, was summoned one winter day by a servant to attend the wealthy Prince "Soundso," who had just arrived from Moscow, and was stopping at the first hotel in the city, No. 6.

The Doctor, who knew the Prince by reputation, instantly responded to the call, and in a few moments mounted the well-known steps and reached the door of the ante-chamber, where, having rung the bell, he was received by two lackeys in gold-laced livery, who relieved him of his fur cloak. Another servant now came forward, and, politely saluting him, requested him to be seated while he announced his visit to the Prince. He then left the room on tiptoe. A long time elapsed, until finally the Doctor became impatient and went to the door, where he listened for a moment, but hearing no sound he advanced as far as the ante-room, from which, however, the servants had disappeared. Still his suspicion was not aroused, and he proceeded to the inner apartments, which he found brilliantly lighted but unoccupied. He came at last to a back-door, which stood wide open, and retraced his steps with a heart filled with a sad presentiment. His costly fur was nowhere to be seen. He rang the bell violently and shouted with a loud voice, which soon brought up the terrified host, who declared that he knew nothing more than that the apartments had been engaged only an hour previously by three gentlemen. He lent his own cloak to the Doctor, who, being a philosopher, went home quite satisfied with his good luck in having retained his purse and watch.

BETWEEN THE SHOWERS.

Down it came—the summer shower—
Bursting from the nimbus cloud;
Spending its impetuous power
On the great tree, strong and proud.
And the great tree murmur'd loud
As it caught the summer shower—
Turn'd it to a diamond dower.
When the cloud, its passion spent,
Broke and drifted, pale and rent,
Like a king refresh'd with wine,
Shone the tree. O heart of mine!
Pass through passion's frequent stress
With a like strong steadfastness.

Down it came—the summer shower—
Rushing through the sobbing air;
Beating on the lily-flower,
Till she trembled in despair
For her blossom, white and fair.
But in silence bent the flower,
Yielding perfume through the hour,
Till the sunbeams came and shed
A new glory on her head,
On her robes, more dazzling white,
And her crown more golden bright.
Thus—my heart!—is patience tried,
Thus is meekness glorified.

Down it came—the summer rain—
Dashing through the darken'd sky,
On the green and tender grain;
Which received it with a sigh,
Quiver'd in each blade, and nigh
Bow'd unto the earth with grief.
But a whisper of the sheaf
Raised its head, and so it stood,
Swelling into bounteous food;
And ere yet the rain was o'er
Glist'ning gladder than before.
Thus—my heart!—may dire distress
But increase thy fruitfulness.

A GREAT TUSCAN HOUSE.

SEVERAL times during the summer of last year I went down by rail from Florence about thirty-five miles to visit some friends who were living in a fine old villa or castle, a portion of which had been fitted up for their accommodation. The pleasure derived from these visits was of so rare a quality, and the house itself the seat of such agreeable hospitality, is so extraordinary in its character, that I deem both worthy of a passing word of description. The house is remarkable for its size, but it is also interesting for its antiquity, its imposing architecture, and the proud vicissitudes of its history. The region in which it stands, near the confines of the ancient Duchy of Lucca, is one of the most garden-like in its rich cultivation, as well as charming on account of its varied picturesque beauty, of any in all Italy. The plain which stretches quite to the sea-coast, near which the ancient mart of Pisa stood, and upon which the modern port of Leghorn stands, is screened on the north by the bold ridges of the Apennine Chain, which, running toward the west, soon unite with the Maritime Alps. In a picturesque valley, between two spurs of this wall of mountains, lies the quiet little town of Pescia. It bears many traces of antiquity; but like many Tuscan towns, is tidy and in good repair. It is the abode of contentment, and its whole aspect is that of peace. If there is one whose heart sorrow has broken, let him come here. If there is a soul which the world has wronged, or which has wronged itself by staining itself with crime, that would escape from the frowns of the society which it had offended, and devote itself to repentance and purification, in this sanctuary among the mountains, it will find the repose for which it sighs. If two beings whom love has united would enjoy their bliss withdrawn from the profane gaze of the world, here is the spot of all others upon which Nature has bestowed congenial charms.

Before the railroad which connects Florence with Lucca was built, not many travelers ever passed through the region which I am describing. Now and then only a rich foreigner in his luxurious traveling carriage bowled along those fine roads, journeying from the maritime cities toward the Tuscan capital. On one side of the route the eye rests upon broad, fertile levels, crowded with fig, mulberry, and olive trees, and grape-vines loaded with juicy fruits sweeping in graceful festoons from one dwarf maple to another. In the opposite direction the vision is solaced with a view of the mountains, half hid under the purple and silver *brume* of an Italian atmosphere.

In this region, and but a few miles from the now favorite resort of Monte Catini, the visitor will observe across the country a pile of gray medieval buildings, with an aspect so imposing as to awaken a curiosity to learn something of its name and history. It is "*Bella Vista*," one of the mansions of the Buondelmonti and Feroni families, which, united by marriage several centuries ago, were among the richest and most powerful of the Florentine nobility. The house has the castellated solidity of war-like times. It is an irregular parallelogram of three lofty stories, stretching several hundred feet in extreme length, with a depth of well toward a hundred feet. The structure is flanked at the angles by octagonal towers, with summits carried considerably above the level of the general mass. From the second story a projecting terrace of stone is continued quite around the building, forming a walk of nearly a mile in extent. There are more than a hundred windows in the house covered with heavy bars of iron. The porches are massive and lofty, and of proportions so ample as to harmonize with the grand scale of the interior of the house to which they conduct.

The mansion has hardly been inhabited for forty years. The family which built it has long been in decay; indeed one branch, the Buondelmonti, long since became extinct. The large tracts of fertile lands which belonged to it in its day of pride, including eighty-five little *poderi*, or farms, which formed the domain around this great house, have passed into the hands of many small proprietors. The artificial terrace, or mole, upon which the house is built, is not less than four acres in extent. Under it are the vaults, constructed with great solidity, in which were stored the corn, oil, and wine produced by the many fertile acres belonging to the estate.

An American gentleman and lady from our metropolitan city, whose daughter is married in Florence, have found it pleasant to pass several years in Tuscany. One of the noblest of the ancient palaces of Florence has been their residence, and several summers have been passed at the superb old villa of *Bella Vista*. It is a retreat of refined tranquillity for which a poet-hermit might sigh, and a baronial house of such proud historic memories that the most favored son of fortune might covet it as the home of his ambitious hopes.

My American friends had seen the house in their excursions in that part of Tuscany, and, with the feelings which belong to the sumptuous life of our nation, were determined to live in it. An arrangement was made, and summer furniture was put into a sufficient number of rooms to accommodate the family, a few guests, and the domestics of a first-class city establishment. The house contains more than sixty great chambers, or *stanzoni*, as the Italians call them. The walls of most of these, though for so long a time empty and desolate, are clean and unbroken. The massive partitions, and the floors of masonry, are as well-preserved as if but a single generation, instead of several centuries, had passed since they were constructed. The frescoes on the ceilings and walls of many of the rooms are scarcely injured by the wear of time. The blended family arms, whether carved or painted, still ornament the walls. The great hall in the centre of the house rises to the full height of the roof, and its lofty doors open upon the principal porch on one side, and upon an elevated terrace on the other. The dimensions of this room are so great that in it could be placed a first-class Fifth Avenue house, that type of modern splendor and modern magnificence. Into this vast hall the suits of apartments in each of the wings open. With the great outer doors thrown wide in summer, the cool breezes from the mountains on one side, and the gentle odors of the cultivated plains on the other, refresh the inhabitants of the villa. In this great cool cloister exercise is taken at mid-day, unexposed to the heats of the sun's glare. Besides the great staircase of ceremony in the centre there are others in the four towers, leading from the foundation to the summit of the house. If there were a hundred guests it would be easy to be alone, in one of the remote silent chambers, near the roof, or hide to read or dream upon a balcony, on the shady side of one of the turrets, with a prospect before the eye of thirty miles over the plain.

What a seat of generous hospitality this house has been in the olden time! The proudest lords and ladies of Tuscany have lodged in these chambers, danced in the saloons, and eaten at tables of luxury spread in the great hall. There are traces on the walls where silken tapestries were hung, and the two state bedchambers with raised platforms in ample niches, on which stood beds elaborately decorated with carved and gilded ornaments. There is the spacious vaulted kitchen in which twenty fires blazed—fires long since gone out. But once more they are kindled at the bidding of those come from that mysterious Western World to which the Tuscan gave his name.

The lady and gentleman whose guest I was were for three summers the sole tenants of this patrician house. Except the six domestics of the city establishment, none others slept beneath the roof when no visitors were at the villa. As I wandered through the great vaulted chambers, or lingered on the grand staircase, I thought of the time when that noble roof had given shelter to scores of guests. The lords and ladies of Florence, in the proudest time of its history, had partaken of the hospitality of the munificent Buondelmonti. All the culture and social refinement of that period had had from time to time their representations there. The gay laugh of the young I could easily fancy still ringing in the tapestried chambers, in the long gallery, and the vast hall; and it seemed as if the walls might still, in gentle whispers, repeat the words which they had echoed long ago. But the gay crowd was gone, and with it the equipages and the brilliant train of attendants, and all the pomp and circumstance of wealth and luxury and pride. The great stables in which a hundred horses were fed are empty and neglected. The gardens in which bloomed flowers of all hues, whose odors filled the mansion, are a scene of picturesque decay. The terraces are crumbling, the balustrades are broken; the steps have lost their original angle, and the marble coping of the basins in which fountains played has no longer its harmonious lines. The visitor may sit down upon the base of an overthrown column, with arm resting upon a fragment of what was once a graceful statue, and muse upon the changes which time and circumstance have wrought. A feeling of sweet poetic sadness steals through the mind, and a new impression is received of the vicissitudes of human affairs and the perishableness of earthly things. How vain now seems the pursuit of wealth, or power, or honor! Into how narrow a span are rounded the enjoyments of human life! Spectator of such a scene, new lessons of wisdom are learned; and it may be for the first time a profounder conviction enters the mind that the only imperishable realities are hid in that mysterious future of which we can now only vaguely dream.

Toward nightfall it was the habit of my friends of the castle to make excursions by different roads or paths into the region surrounding this ancient patrician domain. Sometimes we went on foot through the sequestered, fragrant lanes, and sometimes we drove along the public, but always quiet and well-kept, highway. The drive would be extended ten or twelve miles from the villa, but never so far that its imposing medieval towers were not still within sight. It was the hour when the heats of the day were past, and the calm of an Italian evening was settling down upon all nature. A delicious even-tide coolness rested upon the plain, and the shadows of the neighboring mountains gave new hues to the landscape. Whichever way the eye wandered it was regaled with the bright and ever-varying tints which in these regions immediately precede and follow the day's decline. The sun shot his javelin-like rays through the gorges of the mountains, and the slant light streaming across the fertile plains gave to the leaves of the olive-trees a softer tint of silver, and to the mulberry a deeper hue of gold.

One afternoon we drove five miles to the convent, perched upon a shelf of rock overlooking the picturesque town of Pescia. The community consists of more than thirty brothers of the order of San Domenico. The edifice is a structure of the Middle Ages, built with the same massive solidity which makes most of the great religious houses of Italy possess at the same time the character of a sanctuary and a fortress—a secure retreat from the temptations of the world, as well as a shelter from its warlike strifes and persecutions. In its best days three hundred monks were lodged in this convent of Pescia. The vaulted corridors leading to long lines of cells or small chambers; the interior cloisters overlooking court, garden, or turf-covered nook; and the exterior *loggie*, from which far-extended views across the Tuscan plains are had, all go to make up this holy mansion in which centuries ago hundreds of stern devotees passed their ascetic life, and where they intoned their pious hymns and prayers, but now almost silent and deserted.

The Abbot of the monastery, who was apprised of our intended visit, came out to welcome us at the principal entrance of the mansion. After conducting us through the chapels and cloisters we were led to a *loggia*, from which the monks enjoy their finest prospects over broad plains stretching toward the sea. We were presented to some of the brothers, who received us not only with less reserve than we expected from their rigid order, but with eyes beaming with lively sympathy, and words and looks full of a genial and even gay expression. They showed us such works of art in fresco as decorate the walls of their ancient house. We inspected their store of relics—the cherished treasures of all such religious establishments—with what reverence we were able to feel. After we had wandered through the long galleries, climbed to highest terrace, and descended to deepest vault, they were sure that we needed refreshment. We were glad after our small fatigues to rest at last in the refectory. There a repast of wine, dried nuts, and figs had been spread, of which we were invited to partake. The wine was a product of plantations belonging to the convent, and its color, a lively pink tint, was unlike any I had before seen. We found its flavor as genial as its hue, and its inspiration so subtle as to linger until the sun had set, and the day's enjoyments were over. Pleased with the tranquillity of this pious retirement and the beauty of the region around, the transcendental aspirations of my earlier life were for a moment revived, and I asked the monks if I might come and pass a summer under the shelter of their sacred roof. The inquiry was accepted as made with sincerity, and the response was what I was already prepared to expect. You are welcome to become a lodger in our house for such a period as may suit your pleasure, convenience, or caprice; sharing the society, and the frugal table of our community, or be served by one of us in your own cell. I thanked the brothers for this expression of their respect and confidence, assuring them that I did not doubt that the time would come when my poetic whim would lead me back to their peaceful hermitage. Several of the brothers followed us down the mountain to the public road, where we took leave, receiving the blessing of the good Abbé, and expressing to the brothers our grateful acknowledgments for their kindness. We drove back to the villa as the evening shadows fell. That night I dreamed of cloisters, and cowl, and a monkish brotherhood.

* * * * * *

Thus was life to me in that old house a new experience. A few calm summer or autumn days passed there are so many more added to the many bright days of a prolonged sojourn in this classic land. The pleasures of the imagination are the most refined of all our enjoyments. Recollections of romantic visions inspired by breathing the atmosphere of the villa; of walks and drives through the charming region in which it stands—of tranquil evenings of sympathetic converse under the ancient porticoes, with the musical splash of the broken fountains in the ear, and glimpses of the gigantic, dilapidated statues which line the avenue before the eye, will long remain among the most agreeable memories of my Italian life.

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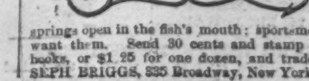

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